The Outlook

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To the Looters of Yellowstone Park Hands Off!

IDAHO is trying to loot Yellowstone National Park.

That does not mean that all the people of Idaho want to loot it. There are many Idahoans who are vigorously opposed to the attempt of special interests to despoil National property. Among them is former Senator Dubois, who did more than any other man to make Idaho a State. Among them, too, is H. F. Samuels, Progressive candidate for Senator. There are Idahoans who are still sensitive to their State's good name.

But, in spite of these, the political power of Idaho is behind special interests in their plot to take what does not belong to them.

The political power of Idaho is bringing pressure upon Congress to give to these special interests eight thousand acres of Park land for a storage reservoir.

Senator Gooding of Idaho and Representative Addison Smith are making political capital out of the cupidity of some of their constituents. In their campaign for re-election these members of Congress, trustees of the public domain, have pointed to treasure belonging to the American people and have asked Idahoans to support them in their attempt to get it.

They may be elected. But they will not get the treasure. Not if the people of the Nation learn what is going on. And when they learn they will speak so that Congress will hear.

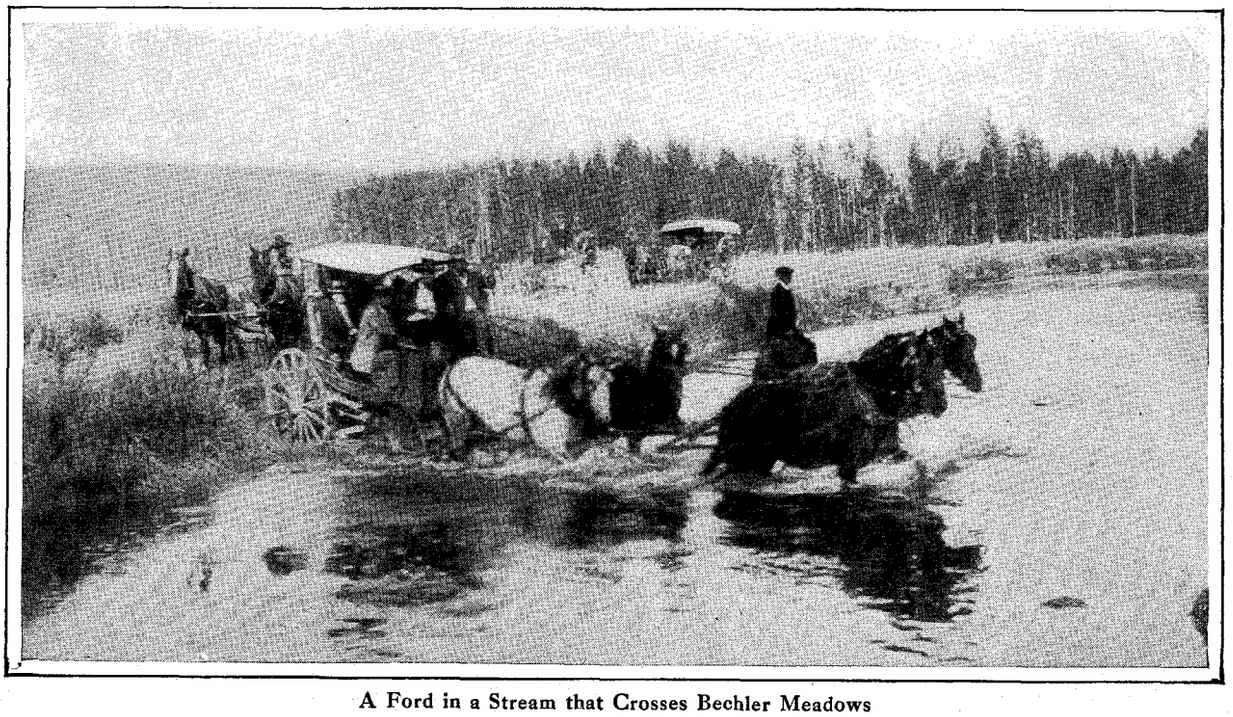
The people of the Nation should rouse themselves and say to Idaho, "Hands off!"

Idaho has enjoyed unusual favors from Uncle Sam. She has received more money from the Government for irrigation purposes than any other State in the Union. The money she has received amounts to about $46 per capita, which is more than the per capita money circulation of the United States. Some of this money has been repaid; but a debit balance against Idaho still stands to the amount of more than twenty million dollars.

And yet Idaho is scheming for more benefits for herself at the expense of the other States.

Idaho complains that her farmers near the southwest corner of the Park (which, by the way, is mostly in Wyoming) lack water for their sugar-beet crops in dry seasons. When a State complains that her people are broke and appeals for help, we have a right to look into the way her people spend their money. How, for instance, do they spend their money for automobiles? The "World Almanac" says that—

Tennessee has only one for every 11 4/10 persons.
Kentucky has only one for every 10½ persons.



A Ford in a Stream that Crosses Bechler Meadows

If the reader will turn to the cover of The Outlook, he will note in the lower left-hand corner of the map the region shown in this illustration. These meadows are the grazing ground of herds of elk and moose

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Virginia has only one for every 8½ persons.
New York has only one for every 7 3/10 persons.
Pennsylvania has only one for every 7 1/10 persons.

While

Idaho has an automobile for every 6 2/10 persons.

That does not make Idaho look impoverished.

Idaho's wealth per capita is more than 16½ per cent greater than the per capita wealth of the United States. That of the United States is about $3,047, while that of Idaho is $3,553.

That does not make Idaho look impoverished.

And yet Idaho wants to take land that belongs to the American people, land set aside in perpetuity for their use and benefit, and put it to making more money for the people of two of her counties.

Idaho thinks she can make a million dollars a year out of twelve square miles of a National Park. She wants to destroy the scenic beauty of the Bechler meadows, destroy the feeding-ground of elk and moose, destroy one of the finest approaches to the Park's scenery, destroy the setting which nature has made for mountain and cascade, because she thinks she can get more money out of Uncle Sam than she could get by building dams outside of the Park limits.

Before ever Idaho was a State this land was reserved for the people of the Nation. No State has a right to it. No special interest has any business there. Americans, keep the looters out.

The Outlook invites the co-operation of public and press in its campaign for the maintenance of the integrity of Yellowstone National Park

The Week

The New and Old Germany at Grips

THE old Germany has ventured lately to challenge the new Germany. For the present the German Republic has vanquished the unreconciled supporters of the former German Empire. But the test of strength has shown afresh how perilously narrow is the margin of safety for the new régime in Berlin, how strong and unchanged are the forces of the old régime.

The circumstances leading up to an incident which has stirred all Europe were apparently simple. Evidently as a favor to the former Crown Princess Cecilie, General von Seeckt, Chief of the General Staff of the army, permitted the eldest son of the former Crown Prince—who bears the name of Wilhelm, like his father and his grandfather, the exiled Kaiser—to take part in the recent German army maneuvers. General von Seeckt omitted to inform Dr. Gessler, who as the Minister of Defense was the responsible civilian official. Dr. Gessler is a member of the Democratic Party, which supports the Republic. Both his party and the other pro-republican parties—when the facts came out—were immediately up in arms. Dr. Gessler brought the issue before the Cabinet. The result of his protest was that General von Seeckt tendered his resignation to President Hindenburg. The reactionary Nationalists went frantic with rage.

Himself an old Prussian military official, Hindenburg was reluctant to let go such an experienced army chief as von Seeckt. But Chancellor Marx made it clear to the President that the entire Cabinet stood back of the Minister of Defense. He urged the seriousness of the constitutional question whether Germany is in the hands of militarists or republicans. Hindenburg acquiesced, accepted von Seeckt's resignation, and named Lieutenant-General Heye as "Chief of the Army Command." The change means that control of the army really rests with Hindenburg—for Lieutenant-General Heye is subordinate in rank to the two army corps commanders, both of whom are full generals. The President, however, has constitutional authority to issue orders to them direct. As an old field marshal, he is considered likely to exercise his prerogative rather than leave control of the army in the hands of a civilian Defense Minister.

Back of the incident is all the complicated plotting of the Hohenzollern faction aiming at a return of the former dynasty to power. In this movement the former Crown Princess Cecilie is known to be a leading spirit, moved by ambition for her eldest son. And the re-emergence of Hindenburg as commander of the German armies will hardly be entirely reassuring to the Allies. As Chief Executive he has been notably and scrupulously loyal to his oath of allegiance to the Republic. Yet his personal sympathies inevitably are bound up with the Imperial order which the revolution swept away. So far as the influence of the army on the future course of events in Germany is concerned, everything will now rest with him.

General von Seeckt was notoriously an irreconcilable adherent of the old Germany. As Chief of the General Staff he wielded a power for which the civilian Government had seemed unable to call him to account. In his removal the new Germany has won a significant victory. But the difficulty with which the result was achieved has been a warning to all the world that the German military caste remains determined and well organized, only waiting an opportunity to assert itself.

Royalty up to Date

A HAIR-BOB and a permanent wave—so we learn from the cable despatches—are part of the preparations of Queen Marie of Rumania for her visit to the United States. Not one visit of the Queen to the beauty parlors of Paris seems to have escaped the watchful attention of the correspondents. We are assured that when she lands on our shores Queen Marie will look as modern as the most emancipated of American matrons. To be in the mode, and even to encourage or create it, is undoubtedly as much the right of royalty as any of its other attributes—as Queen Marie herself has proved more than once before. And certainly it enhances popular

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Force, pursuit, and policy

(Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Scene 1)

Darling in the Wall Street Journal

This game's getting monotonous

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Craig Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

Getting away with it

From Albert W. Clary, Rochester, N. Y.

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

If they could only decide what they wanted and swap what they don't want

Craig Fox in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

Bait is scarce

From Albert W. Clary, Rochester, N. Y.

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interest. Few royal persons have visited the democratic United States as royalty, and none has commanded more widespread attention than the Queen of Rumania.

What may be the serious reason for her visit remains obscure. People supposed to be well informed report that the motive determining her to come as a queen, and not incognito, is a desire to study our forms of industrial and social organization and learn what may be adapted to Rumanian needs. Therefore she desires not to be open to any except official invitations, in order to protect her time. In other words, so that she may observe social conditions she proposes to dodge "Society." This is as convincing an indication of her advanced point of view as her newly bobbed hair.

But it may be assumed that neither this nor the vague purpose of promoting friendship between Rumania and the United States completely explains the visit of Queen Marie. She is known in Europe, not only as an accomplished and charming woman, but as one of the most astute politicians of the Continent. Rumania, in difficult financial circumstances, has sought aid in the Allied capitals without dazzling success. The financial capital of the world is now New York, and its foreign loan policies are controlled by Washington. And Queen Marie comes to the United States to increase American good will toward Rumania. What more modern mission, at once practical and patriotic, could there be for a Queen?

Keystone

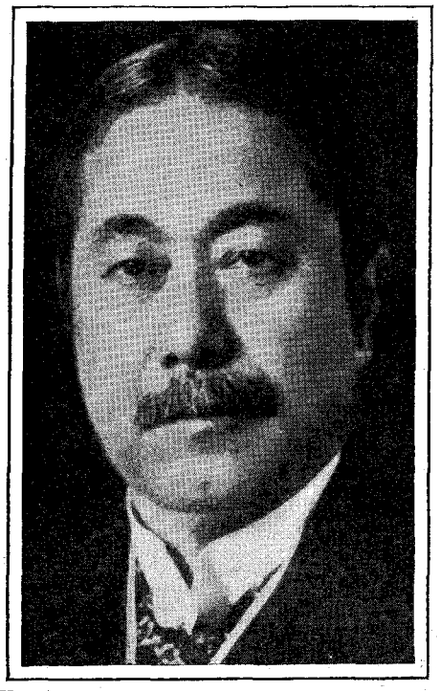
Queen Marie of Rumania

Dentistry and Discipline in China's Civil War

EVEN a general in the midst of a war may suffer from toothache, like the rest of humanity, and a person able to relieve him may turn the course of history. Something like that seems to have happened during the recent advance of the forces of the Canton Government in South China against General Wu Pei-fu in Central China.

General Chiang Kai-shek, the leader of the Canton army, had an impacted wisdom tooth. At Yali College, the institution established by Yale in China, Dr. Louise Farnam, a daughter of Professor Henry W. Farnam of Yale, and Dr. Philip F. Green, of the medical staff, extracted the troublesome tooth for him. Dr. Edward W. Hume, President of Yale-in-China, tells the story in the "Yale Alumni Weekly," and adds that General Chiang returned the favor by ordering his soldiers to protect the College buildings while he pressed forward his campaign.

Incidentally, Dr. Hume—who is one of the most experienced and reliable observers of affairs in China—gives interesting testimony regarding the character of the southern Chinese army. "This army," he writes, "has shown the Changsha community what order and discipline among soldiers might mean. . . . Military occupation has, until now, meant something horrible, with soldiers who robbed and abused, with officers who permitted loot and arson. But this summer has brought a new experience. The use of property by the troops has, on the whole, been reasonably orderly."



Keystone

Baron Tanetaro Megata

This is the army which has captured Hankow from General Wu Pei-fu, formerly the war lord of the Yangtze River provinces, and is besieging the last of his forces in Wuchang and at the same time joining battle with General Sun Chuan-fang, his ally from Shanghai. Press reports from Wuchang have indicated great suffering and even starvation among the population in consequence of the month's siege, but despatches from the American Consul-General in Hankow have shown that these accounts were much exaggerated. What is evident, despite contradictory rumors and a censorship which obscures the news, is that a formidable new force has arisen in China, capable of pressing its way from the south-coast provinces clear to the Yangtze River in Central China, and carrying on active warfare there, hundreds of miles from its home base.

The real nature of such a force is worth study. And when it is accused of being "Red" and "Bolshevik" such testimony as Dr. Hume's is important to American interests in the Far East. Obviously the southern Chinese movement deserves more serious attention than it has yet had in the United States.

Baron Tanetaro Megata

BARON TANETARO MEGATA, a member of the Emperor's Privy Council and head of the steel interest in Japan, is dead at seventy-three. He was a notable friend of the United States and exerted his considerable influence for the betterment of relations between the two countries. He often visited America, where he had a wide acquaintance in business and educational circles, in which he was held in the highest esteem. One of the earliest of Japanese students to be sent here, he graduated at Harvard, where he entered in 1868. A recent volume from his hand, "Japanese in America," is a

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valuable treatise of international interest.

Senator Wadsworth's Record on Prohibition

ANTICIPATING word from our readers who inform us of their discoveries of mistakes in The Outlook, we hasten to acknowledge an error which we made last week. Trusting too much to memory, we said that Senator Wadsworth, of New York, voted for the Eighteenth Amendment when it was before the Senate. It was not the Eighteenth Amendment that he voted for, but the Volstead Act. We credited him with changing his mind. As a matter of fact, he has never changed his mind with reference to the Eighteenth Amendment. He voted for the Volstead Act over the President's veto on the ground that not to give the Amendment statutory support would be to nullify it. He thinks that modification of the Volstead Act within Constitutional limits is possible but quite inadequate to solve the problem which he thinks prohibition has created. He would change the Eighteenth Amendment to a simple grant of power to Congress. This is the form of Amendment that The Outlook originally favored, and it would have eliminated the dangers attending the insertion of legislation in the Constitution. But that water is now over the dam. A brief biography of Senator Wadsworth by H. F. Holthusen, with a preface by Elihu Root, has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. In that book his attitude on prohibition and other subjects is clearly presented.

Senator Wadsworth has the right that any citizen has of advocating a change in the Constitution. He has equally the right to advocate the addition of something new to the Constitution or the subtraction from it of something already in it. It is not that right, however, that is now a political issue in this country.

Nor is it an issue whether we should try to go back to where we were when the Eighteenth Amendment was first proposed and pass an amendment that would have been better at that time. A few people may be interested in such a proposal, but not many. The American people are not very much interested as a rule in talking about what would have been better if something else had happened.

Besides, the American people are practical enough to know that conditions have changed since the Amendment was passed and that what might have served in 1919 would not be adequate at all in 1926.

The vital issue to-day is the choice between enforcement and nullification.

The A. B. A. and Branch Banking

IT was peculiarly fitting that the American Bankers Association, with the subject of branch banking the question of the hour, should have met this year in Los Angeles; for it is in California, more than in any other State in the Union, that branch banking is an issue of vital moment. The article which appeared in The Outlook last March dealing with the subject and entitled, "Is the Federal Reserve System in Danger?" has been distributed widely throughout the State.

Franklin W. Cristman

the Independent Republican candidate for United States Senator from New York, opposing Senator Wadsworth, the regular Republican, and Judge Wagner, the Democrat, on the issue of prohibition enforcement, is one of the leading lawyers of the Mohawk Valley, has served in both houses of the New York Legislature, is president of a National bank, local counsel to the New York Central Railroad, legal adviser to utility companies, trustee of Syracuse University and the Folts Missionary Training School, and a Mason

From the moment that the meeting of the Association, numbering several thousands, was called to order, our Pacific coast correspondent writes us by air mail, it was apparent that trouble was in the air. The advocates of branch banking were present in force, and when the subject of the hour was introduced—namely, the demand for an expression of opinion by the Association on the McFadden Branch Banking Bill, now before Congress—opposing factions quite clearly braced themselves for a supreme effort.

The McFadden Bill, it will be remembered, provides that in States the laws of which permit branch banking the National banks shall be accorded the privilege, at present denied them, of establishing branches within the corporate limits of the location of their head office. The American Bankers Association has already indorsed the McFadden Bill, but the controversial issue raised at Los Angeles was precipitated by what is known as the Hull Amendment. This amendment provides that in States where branch banking is not permitted National banks shall never be permitted to establish branches, even though the State should change its law.

Supporters of the McFadden Bill attacked the Hull provisions as unfair and unjust to the National banks and calculated to force them to denationalize and operate under State charters. They also contended—a point especially stressed in The Outlook article—that this deflection of banks would destroy and crumble the Federal Reserve System.

Debate on the subject ran high, with the result that in order to clear the matter out of the way and prevent what threatened to be a serious split in the Association, a special meeting was called to discuss the question and finally settle it one way or the other. The meeting was held in the evening, and some time before its scheduled opening thousands of bankers, our correspondent states, had assembled in the capacious Philharmonic Auditorium. It was not until one o'clock in the following morning that the question was settled. By a vote of 413 to 268 the Association went on record as favoring the McFadden Bill without the Hull Amendment.

The outcome was, of course, a victory for the National Banking group; but the Hull constituents appear to be reluctant to accept the verdict of the Convention, and under the leadership of Otis Wingo, of Arkansas, Chairman of the Currency and Banking Committee of the House of Representatives, are expected to carry their fight to Congress.

Southern Business

THE Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States recently was in session in Nashville, Tennessee. This is the first time

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that it has met in the South; and it devoted its attention particularly to conditions and problems of business in that section. The effect of those conditions and problems both sectionally and Nationally were considered. Now the conditions and problems of business in the South are much the same as they are in the rest of the country; but Southern business has none the less its peculiarities, good and bad. The recognition of its good peculiarities and the correction of its bad peculiarities would be of service to the Nation. That an effort is making to understand them Nationally augurs well, not so much for better business, perhaps, as for better business understanding.

Shortly before this meeting was held in Nashville the National Association of Manufacturers held its annual meeting in New York, and elected as its President for the sixth consecutive time John E. Edgerton, of Lebanon, Tennessee. Mr. Edgerton is a manufacturer of woolens, mainly of blankets, in a small way in a small Southern town. He has exerted for a number of years among the manufacturing interests of the Nation an influence wholly out of proportion to the size of his business. His service has demonstrated the fact that the manufacturers of the country, in their organized capacity, are not dominated either by large manufacturers or by the large manufacturing centers. Some of the beneficial peculiarities of Southern business have been recognized in the repeated election of Mr. Edgerton as the chief executive of this powerful National organization.

At the meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers the principal speaker was Finis J. Garrett, a Representative from Tennessee and Democratic leader in the House. He characterized the claim of Coolidge economy in Government expenditures as "bunk." That was politics. But he said: "We can work some economies if we will stop thrusting the Federal Government into purely local functions and let it reach forth its powerful arm to only the things that are National, as the Constitution contemplates." That was the expression of a Southern peculiarity, tenaciously held while the rest of the country scoffed at it, but which latterly has been adopted by leaders of other sections—perhaps most notably by the very man whose economies Mr. Garrett characterized as "bunk."

Faster Trains East and West

EVERY so often California arouses herself to demand a reduction on the time occupied in the journey back East and out West, which has remained pretty much the same for the last thirty years.

No fewer than half a million people paid excess fare to ride between Chicago and New York on the 20th Century Limited in 1925. The train ran with more than 20,000 sections and earned $10,000,000 gross for the New York Central Railroad. The remarkable patronage of the train is due entirely to the fact that it saves from four to five hours over other trains in a one-thousand-mile trip. What would be the result if the railroads running between Chicago and the Pacific coast put on trains, as they well could do, which saved from twelve to eighteen hours on the three-day trip from Chicago? At present the Overland Limited reaches San Francisco from New York at eleven o'clock in the morning. With what satisfaction would those who have to make the journey frequently contemplate arriving in San Francisco some twelve hours earlier with the snowsheds of the Sierras behind them, and before them a comfortable bed in a comfortable hotel instead of a lower two or an upper six.

As one writer has well put it, the success of the 20th Century Limited is due to the fact that it is a twentieth-century train. Between the coast and Chicago the railroads are still working on nineteenth-century ideas.

A Burbank Foundation

PARTICULARLY interesting news is contained in an air mail despatch from our Pacific coast correspondent to the effect that the long-discussed plan for perpetuating the work of Luther Burbank in the field of plant development has reached a definite head with the announcement by the President of Leland Stanford University that Stanford proposes to take over and operate the world-famous experimental farm at Sebastopol and the Luther Burbank gardens at Santa Rosa.

A widespread effort will be made to raise any part of $1,000,000 for the establishment of a Luther Burbank Foundation.

In accordance with the wishes of Burbank, his widow has offered to the University the thirteen acres of the Gold Ridge Rincón, the Sebastopol farm, with all equipment, land, and buildings, for the purpose of enabling the school authorities to continue the work of the great pioneer in plant breeding. The property contains 6,000 separate experiments and innumerable varieties of trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers, some of them complete and ready for release to the growers and many of them in the final stages of development.

In addition to the Sebastopol property, Mrs. Burbank is prepared to hand over the beautiful gardens at Santa Rosa, retaining for herself only that portion of the property, so familiar to the motorist along the great north road, known as the Old Homestead, on which are the original home and farm and the grove of elms which shadow Burbank's last resting-place.

The actual value of these properties it would be difficult to estimate. As President Wilbur, of Stanford, very justly insisted in a statement announcing the scheme, "the plant experimenter is one of the great pioneers of the future." To take only two instances, the development of the long-fibered cotton has changed the whole tire problem for automobiles, and new forms of wheat that are resistant to cold and drought have opened up a new empire in western Canada. Raw materials and food supplies of all sorts have become the chief concern of modern nations, and Luther Burbank was well in the van of those devoting themselves to the solution of this problem.

The news that his great work is to be perpetuated will be received with satisfaction throughout the world.

Baseball's Big Week

IT is commonly said that there is no sportsmanship in professional baseball; that the teams are out for the money and the rooters are out to see their city get the championship. Yet at St. Louis in the World Series the local fans, notorious for fierceness and vociferousness, "booed" their own pitcher when he "walked" Babe Ruth. As Heywood Broun tells the story, "But yesterday they cheered a stranger [Babe

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Ruth]. They stood up for him and waved their hats. And when, in the eighth inning, a Cardinal pitcher passed him on purpose, although there was no one on, St. Louis turned against its own and shouted, 'Let him hit it!'" And in the critical moment in the decisive game at New York we had the queer spectacle of the mighty Alexander in colloquy with his captain as to whether he should yield to the demands of the crowd to "give the Babe a chance;" in fact, he compromised and gave Ruth two conceivably hittable balls before he deliberately pitched wide; so for that day Ruth had to be satisfied with one home run and four passes and with having beaten the World Series record for home runs. Now the rule about called balls is perfectly sound —no one can devise a better way of keeping a fair balance between pitcher and batter. It is both fair and honorable to "walk" a batter. Yet somehow there was a human hunger even in St. Louis to see the favorite get a good chance—not sensible, perhaps, but with a tang of good sportsmanship. That may be acknowledged even if it was plain that what the crowd chiefly wanted was thrills.

Dramatic moments were not wanting in this series, won by the St. Louis Cardinals by four games out of seven. Most picturesque of all was the triumph of "Alexander the Great," supposed to have, in baseball parlance, an "aged soup-bone," yet splendidly pitching his team to victory twice and then when called in suddenly at the crisis in the seventh inning of the seventh game, when the Yankees had three men on bases and a hit would have meant at least a tie, mastering the situation as coolly as if it were in a practice game. The facts that he is a "veteran" (thirty-nine years old, we believe) and that he is supposed to be of doubtful value because of his notorious objection to discipline, added a certain zest to his triumph.

It was a great World Series. It netted over a million dollars in gate receipts; the winning individual players got $5,584.57 each, the losing players $3,417.75 each; the total attendance was over 325,000; no one can estimate how many millions heard the exciting accounts over the radio. St. Louis is World's Champion for the first time. Best of all, there has been no intimation of corruption or trickery. This year's Series was baseball at its best. Exit baseball; enter football.

Louisa Lee Schuyler

Miss Schuyler died on October 10, at the age of eighty-nine. She was a pioneer in social reform work in New York State, recipient of the Roosevelt Memorial Medal for her promotion of women's welfare, and founder of the New York Charities Aid Association. She was a great-granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton

"Little Bill" Johnston Remains an Amateur

THE decision of William M. Johnston, international tennis star and Davis Cup defender, to remain an amateur in spite of the dazzling offer recently made to him by C. C. Pyle, the tennis impresario, to turn professional has about it something rather fine. William T. Tilden 2d, for six consecutive years National Champion, also characteristically has refused to join the troupe of quondam amateurs turned professional with which Pyle plans to tour the United States during the coming winter. With the recent surrender of Howard Kinsey, the list of new professionals numbers six. In addition to Suzanne Lenglen, the star of stars, there are now Mary K. Browne of California, Vincent Richards of New York, and Harvey Snodgrass and Walter Westbrook of Los Angeles.

The decision of "Little Bill" Johnston, as he is affectionately known to his friends, is typical of the man who all along has so pre-eminently played the game for the love of it.

"In the course of an interview here," says our Pacific coast correspondent, writing from San Francisco, "Johnston made his position perfectly clear. 'I firmly believe,' he said, 'that professional tennis is a problem that each individual has to decide for himself. In turning this offer down I have gone against the advice of most of my friends. Some day I may regret this, but I hardly think so. To me my present position in tennis is all that I can ask, and I doubt very much if any offer in the future will change my mind.'"

Johnston began to play tennis in 1903, when he was nine years old. At fifteen he won the Golden Gate Park Championship in San Francisco, and in 1913 he became one of the first ten American players, placing fourth in the championship matches. Since then he has been an international tennis figure and has been placed first or second in America every year except for the two years he was in the war. Johnston and Tilden won the Davis Cup in Australia in 1920, and since then have been among its successful defenders.

The Vitaphone Slips Down

A SECOND moving-picture program in conjunction with the Vitaphone —synchronized sound and film—has made its bow before the public. Again the procedure has been followed of presenting a series of "talking movie" numbers as a prologue to the conventional silent drama, for which an orchestral accompaniment is reproduced on the Vitaphone. In the newer venture the artists who appear on the screen have been chosen from the field of entertainment rather than that of music. They include such names as Al Jolson and Elsie Janis. In providing this kind of performance the Vitaphone is equally successful.

One change in the new program is much to be regretted. In place of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Vitaphone Symphony Orchestra provides the overture and incidental music to the picture; Henry Hadley's baton is

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usurped by that of one Herman Heller. Neither orchestra nor music is worth praise.

This is all a great pity. The Vitaphone has an unparalleled opportunity before it. It can bring the finest music and the finest orchestras into every town from Maine to California. It can make it worth while for great composers to write musical scores as enduring as the best opera music. Certainly it should never be satisfied to record even the quality of music which the best motion-picture theaters can afford to give today.

Man Seven Thousand Years Ago

Archæologists, like fishermen, now and then catch something unexpected. A Russian, Professor Farmanskovsky, has been unearthing an ancient Greek colony, Olivia, near the River Bug, in South Russia. Herodotus talked of this very Olivia, about 500 B.C. In the last two years Hellenic remains—towers, houses, ruins—have been found, and Olivia has been shown to have been a center of Greek and even Roman culture on the north coast of the Black Sea.

But in the course of these excavations the Russians, it is reported, ran across something about five thousand years older than what they were looking for—artifacts (including painted ware and farming tools), earthen dwellings, and other evidences of a human culture marking (so Professor Borozdin, of the expedition, states in a special despatch to the New York "Times") the transition that was going on between 5000 and 6000 B.C., from the Neolithic Age toward the Bronze Age.

Cultural records of these ages are not rare, but the place where this find was made adds to its importance, as it may throw light on the unsolved problem of the development of primitive man in Asia.

The discoveries of archæology in the last decade will make a valuable chapter in the history of human development.

Mars Looms Up

Two years ago, in the month of August, periodicals of all kinds devoted a great deal of space to the close approach of Mars. The same—or practically the same—event is now taking place again. While the circumstances are not quite so favorable this time—Mars comes within 42,500,000 miles of us, as compared with 35,000,000 miles two years ago—the astronomers are nevertheless in a much better position to profit by it because now the remarkable observations and tests that were made then have been interpreted at leisure, and they throw much direct light on the present event. So we know several fundamental things about the ruddy planet that earlier observers, such as Professor Percival Lowell, of the Flagstaff, Arizona, Observatory, would have been delighted to know, and which bear out his earlier conclusions to a rather unexpected degree.

Gradually Mars and the earth are nearing their closest approach. October 27 is the exact date of greatest proximity; but the two planets are practically as close together now as they will be then, and they will still be relatively close neighbors all during November. Mars may be seen in the southeast on any clear evening and is practically as bright as Jupiter, whose dazzling orb precedes Mars by several hours as they progress westward across the sky.

To visualize what is taking place we may draw two rings, not quite circular but elliptical, and almost concentric. In the middle is the sun; the inner ring is the orbit of the earth; the outer is that of Mars. Thus Mars has farther to go, and, as he moves slower, he is overhauled about every two years by the earth.

We Are Wiser About Mars

It is interesting just now to re-read the vivid descriptions of Mars left us two decades ago by Professor Lowell in his books "Mars" and "Mars as the Abode of Life." Lowell had no direct way of finding out how much atmosphere Mars had. It had enough, he thought, to support life of some kind.

Thanks to the intricate marvels of the spectroscope, by means of which delicate determinations were made two years ago, we now know that the Martian atmosphere contains both oxygen and water vapor in considerable quantities. Thus we are finally assured that the dazzling white polar caps consist of actual snow instead of frozen carbon dioxide, as was once thought, and that water is released when they melt. Though we can send no self-registering thermometers to Mars, we do not need to. Arriving waves of light and heat serve the purpose nearly as well. Those given off from some chosen part of the planet's disk are isolated, directed on a tiny thermocouple which changes their minute energy into electricity. This in turn is measured. The experiments give the following temperatures, which are only approximate: north polar region, 90° below zero (F.); south polar regions, with Martian summer approaching, 50° above zero. Temperate zones: sunrise side, 50° below zero; sunset side, 32° above zero; midday areas 45° to 65° above zero. Life, not likely indentical with that on earth, *could* exist under these extremes. But does it? No proof has come. Yet direct visual observations point to growing and dying "vegetation;" and, if this be the case, animal life or something like it may exist to restore the familiar oxygen-carbon-dioxide balance kept by plants and animals on earth. The "canals," except the larger ones, have not yet been photographed; visually the network of the smaller ones is seen through our own tremendous atmosphere only for fleeting seconds. So this most interesting of all Martian problems—the question whether intelligent beings dig great irrigation ditches—baffles us yet.

Batting Average now .167

Last week The Outlook republished an editorial from the New York "World" and gave proof that out of five direct statements contained in this editorial four were inaccurate. We gave the "World" credit for a batting average of .200.

This editorial contained the statement that Secretary Wilbur attended the Dempsey-Tunney prize-fight. As we did not know the facts in this instance, we refrained from commenting upon it. A letter from Secretary Wilbur tells us that the Secretary of the Navy did not attend and never intended to attend the Dempsey-Tunney fight. We regret to say that we must now place the batting average of the "World" at the low figure of .167. If a baseball player in a major league could not get a better batting average than that, he would soon find his way to the bushes.

Secretary Wilbur's letter pays a tribute to boxing in the Navy which is certainly worth widespread publication. After giving us the facts in regard to the Dempsey-Tunney fight and after stat-

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ing, "I have never attended a prize-fight," he continues: "I have, however, witnessed many boxing bouts in the Navy with a great deal of interest. The men conduct themselves as gentlemen before, during, and after the contests, and every precaution is taken to keep the sport clean and to get good results from the physical exercise and skill required. At Seattle recently I had, with about 25,000 others, the privilege of attending boxing bouts between the men from the various ships. I was impressed with the orderly crowd, the enthusiasm of the men, and the skill and physical perfection of the sailormen who engaged in the bouts."

Labor and the Church

AN old charge against the Church is that it is a dependent and servitor of the rich and powerful. In particular, this charge has been made by Socialists and Communists. What does the Church reply?

If those churches in Detroit which withdrew invitations to delegates of the American Federation of Labor Convention to speak to their congregations were to be regarded as representative of the Church at large, the answer would seem to be that the Socialists and Communists were right. If those who are managing industry wished to justify the Socialist and Communist accusation, they could do no better than to follow the example of those representatives of corporations who lent their influence to the withdrawal of those invitations. The incident at Detroit has not hurt the Federation of Labor. If it has done any lasting injury at all, it has hurt the Church.

The other day a man standing on an automobile in a New York street told the crowd that gathered about him that there was in America a master class. He told them that this master class, not only owned the industries of the country, controlled the money of it, and commanded the labor of its people, but also enslaved the people's mind by controlling the Nation's schools and the churches. He laid especial emphasis upon the allegation that this master class held in bondage the will of the workers by controlling the institutions of religion. At the time this man's voice sounded like an echo from the middle of the last century. But since then the Chamber of Commerce, the Young Men's Christian Association, various employers, and a number of churches in Detroit have provided for this echo such a sounding-board that in many places the argument will seem like a new message of the twentieth century.

Of course, those who know what has been happening in America during the past generation, and particularly during the past decade, know very well that this charge wholly misses the present social conditions. Capital is so widely diffused and men who labor with their hands have gained not only so large a part of it but also such control over the conditions under which they work that in America the "master class" has become a myth. Moreover, the churches themselves are not composed of the leisured or supported chiefly by the wealthy. The very incident in Detroit should serve as a proof of the growing understanding between organized religion and labor. For years it has been customary in the cities in which the American Federation of Labor holds its annual conventions for the churches to ask the labor delegates to bring messages to them concerning the religious ideals of labor. What happened at Detroit was not the usual, but the exceptional. The stir that it created is evidence that the Church has a better understanding of its duty for social problems than it had a generation ago.

Happily, a great protest came from the Church itself. A number of local churches heard the delegates at their regular service; and, under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches, which is interdenominational and National in its scope, a meeting was held at which the President of the Federation made an address.

Moreover, exceptional conditions gave the blundering churches of Detroit some excuse. Largely because of Henry Ford's policy and the liberality and economic vision of manufacturers who have recognized the advantages of paying high wages, the labor unions have had little success in this industrial center. When, therefore, the great Federation of Labor unions met there, their Convention seemed a challenge. The churches and the Young Men's Christian Association wished to avoid the appearance of taking a side in a threatened controversy. They wanted to escape the accusation of being partisan of a special labor organization.

They forgot for the time being the saying of their Master: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

The Revolt Against Education in Washington State

GOVERNOR HARTLEY, of the State of Washington, has joined that line of politicians that have done their utmost to destroy democracy in education.

Washington University, at Seattle, is the new point of attack in the war between education and politics.

If our systems of public education in this country are to survive, they must be protected by the people against the assaults which such men as Governor Hartley lead against such institutions as the University of Washington.

Governor Roland T. Hartley, who slipped into office because of the distribution of votes among an absurd number of candidates at the primaries, set out some months ago to create his own machine and meanwhile to establish himself in the public eye by means of a program of "economy." His easiest point of attack was, of course, the educational budget, comprising more than thirty million of the sixty-seven million dollar tax bill of 1925. The situation in the State was such as to afford the Governor a good opportunity. For example, while half the autonomous school districts of the State are paying interest on money for current running expenses, the other half have money lying idle and bringing no interest. Districts of small population which happen to contain large taxable wealth have to fall back on imagination for ways to spend their money, while heavily populated districts near by bond themselves into hopeless or almost hopeless indebtedness in efforts to compete. And in the realm of higher education the opportunity of the Governor to make his attack was equally obvious. For thirty years the University at Seattle and the State College at Pullman have been in ill-disguised rivalry. Favors were all going to the State College when Dr. Henry Suzzallo was brought from Columbia ten years ago to head the University. Dr. Suzzallo,

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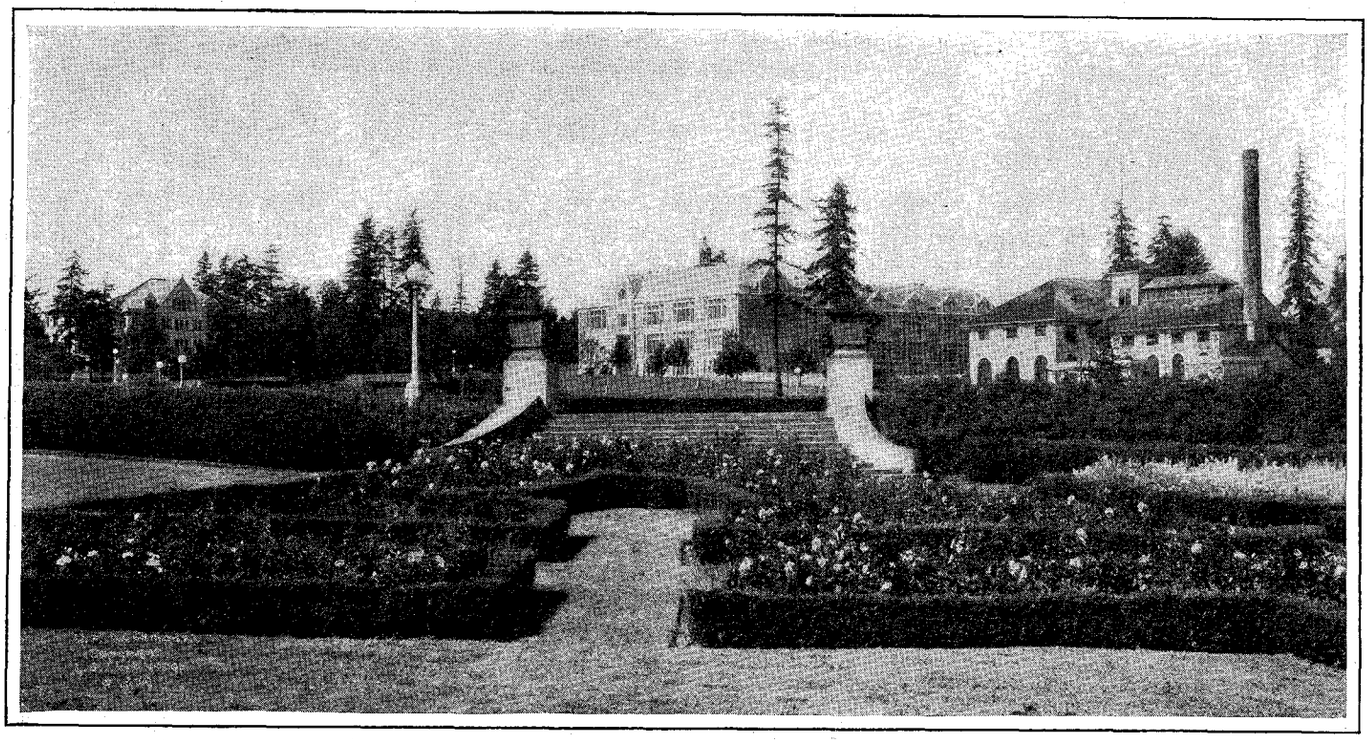

Rose Gardens, University of Washington Campus

through the aid of the University's alumni, built up an organization which, as an old political observer in the State has remarked, "worked for the most part in friendly contact with the 'party machine' of the Republican Party." President Suzzallo's influence with the Legislature has resulted in large appropriations and in the erection of a group of buildings distinguished by its beauty. Naturally, President Suzzallo has come to be regarded as a man of political influence. The Governor has naturally resented the fact that a mere university president should have such political power besides having a salary three times that of the Governor.

The Governor therefore undertook to reorganize the education system of the State. Abolishing Boards of Regents and all intermediate bodies, the bill he advocates would place all State education, from the lowest to the highest, under the control of an administrative commission of laymen to be appointed by the Governor and subject to the Governor's surveillance. At the same time he is opposed to increased appropriations for the University. He set aside badly needed appropriations for the institutions of higher learning, taking over the functions of the judiciary by asserting that the appropriation measure was passed over his veto illegally, notwithstanding the opinion of the Attorney-General to the contrary. Not content with this, he ordered a special audit of the University books. Though the Alumni Association of the University has no State funds, the special auditors sought to go through the records of the Alumni Association and of other organizations equally private. Meantime the Governor has appointed five new University Regents, thus giving himself complete control of that Board of seven.

The fight of the Governor to subordinate the University to political control developed dramatically when this Board of Regents under his control voted five to two to dismiss Dr. Suzzallo as President. The Board first summoned him, without a hearing, and called upon him to resign. Then, when he refused to resign, the Board, hampered by a contract which is supposed to hold until June of next year, relieved him of duty. Technically, President Suzzallo has therefore not been removed but has been placed on an indefinite leave of absence.

The two minority members of the Board thereupon resigned.

In protest the students cheered the President and threatened to strike; but the President persuaded them not to strike.

The Governor had asked the people of his State to send up to Olympia, the State capital, next November, a Legislature that would stand by him. His opponents undertook to fight him in the primaries, and against great odds succeeded in preventing the election of a "rubber-stamp" Legislature. Those who are opposed to Governor Hartley have a small but clear working majority in the lower house and a two-thirds majority in the Senate. And yet the Governor proceeds on his way. In his fight on the Legislature he uses the language of the lumber camp. In a speech before the primaries he said: "You can rest assured of one thing, there is no son-of-a-gun on earth—they do not like that word—word "son-of-a-gun," you know—that is a bad word—but there is no son-of-a-gun who runs me down in that office. I am going to run that office while I am there." His determination, thus expressed, continues.

Out of this controversy good may come. There may be a new realization that rapid growth in higher schools of learning may be unwholesome if it exceeds the growth of the schools themselves in the capacity to teach and that standards in education are as necessary as equipment. More particularly, out of this controversy may be developed a public sentiment that will prevent public education from becoming subordinate to politics and will establish a system that will make it unnecessary for a State University president to become a politician or take part in political maneuvers

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in order to secure that public support that higher education must have if it is to survive in a democracy.

Calamity Insurance

Some Reflections on Florida

To meet a situation of such magnitude as that of the disaster in Florida, public relief contributions are quite inadequate. At the best, all that they can do is to relieve some of the immediate distress. They supply an urgent need, but they cannot and ought not to be expected to repair the damage or make up for the losses suffered. And ordinary insurance cannot stand such shocks.

Readers of The Outlook will be interested to recall that just a year ago our Pacific coast correspondent, Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy, using the Santa Barbara earthquake as an instance in point, in an article entitled "Natural Disasters and Federal Insurance," advocated the establishment of a Government insurance fund for use in disasters of that kind. Mr. Kennedy pointed out that the risk of earthquake, flood, tornado, or other natural disasters differed fundamentally from all other risks. It had been possible, he instanced, through the long accumulation and comparison of data to work out a rough law of averages in regard to certain human experiences. There is, for instance, a law of average in regard to expectation of human life; a law of average in regard to fire; a law of average, curiously enough, even in regard to stolen automobiles. But such things as earthquakes, tornadoes, and floods seem to be entirely outside any law of averages as yet envisaged.

In the case of Santa Barbara an attitude was taken up in California since seen to be misguided. Every effort was made to minimize the disaster. Santa Barbara was assured that California would take care of her and that in the interest of California the magnitude of the disaster should not be exploited. From one point of view it was all very laudable, but public sentiment soon cools, differences as to allocation of private contributions soon arise, religious and political interests clash, and the work of restoration is delayed.

"All these conditions," as Mr. Kennedy wrote about a year ago—conditions beginning to be so apparent in Florida to-day—"could be at once removed if there was established a system of Federal insurance in the case of earthquakes or other natural disasters which cannot be foreseen, under which the cost of restoration would become a direct non-contributary charge on the Treasury. Had there existed such a form of Federal insurance in the case of the Santa Barbara earthquake, the work of restoration would have commenced next day. The things of first necessity would have been done first, restoration would have been achieved, and the question of payment would have come afterwards."

How such a system of Federal insurance would be financed is of course a matter to be worked out by experts. That the evolution of such a system would not be especially difficult is clearly shown by the fact that thousands of large businesses from the Steel Corporation downwards have already done it, carrying their own insurance in all departments. There is no reason why it should not be worked out in the case of the greatest business of them all—the business of the State.

For New Yorkers Only

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WARNING! This article—if it is read at all—will be worth reading only by New Yorkers. All others will save time and, perhaps, annoyance by skipping it. But as within a few weeks a good deal of space has been here devoted to the Northwest, there is some reason why New Yorkers should now have their innings.

On a recent October day I drove an automobile from the pleasant village of Cornwall in the Highlands of the Hudson to Long Island. Cornwall has some historical distinction. It was, for example, the home of one of the graceful minor poets of America, extremely popular in his lifetime, but now comparatively forgotten—Nathaniel Parker Willis. Willis was fashionable in his tastes and following and inclined to indulge in elegancies of phraseology. So he changed the name of one of the Cornwall mountains from the prosaic Dutch appellation of Butter Hill to the more poetic, and perhaps slightly grandiloquent, title of Storm King. At present Cornwall has some National reputation as the northern gateway of the Storm King Highway and the route over the Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson—an automobile drive that competes for honors in scenic beauty with the Columbia River Highway.

It is not, however, of Cornwall's claims to distinction that I wish to speak. I desire to record some cursory views of the successes and failures of a democratic form of government—and let me hasten to add that no pun is intended in the use of the adjective "cursory." The reader may very well ask why an agreeable autumnal excursion along the banks of the Hudson, through Westchester County and across the East River should suggest comments on popular government. If he will have patience for a moment, I may be able to explain.

There are three ways in which great public works may be built for the benefit of the community—by despotic authority, by private initiative for profit, and by the popular will exercised through elected representatives. Egypt, Rome, and to some extent Greece followed the first method. The result is that the modern world enjoys to-day, after the lapse of centuries, the Pyramids, the Colosseum, and the Parthenon, however much the construction of those edifices may have oppressed the laborers and taxpayers of their time. When a Russian Czar wanted a railroad, he laid a ruler down on a map, drew a straight line with a pencil, and said to his engineers, "Build it there." Much of the beauty of modern Paris is due to the despotic method. In the middle of the last century Baron Haussmann, without paying the slightest attention to the private or financial rights of the citizens, created the splendid system of boulevards and public squares which beautify Paris. He was denounced and finally overthrown; nevertheless he made the French capital the proverbial place to which all bad Americans go while they

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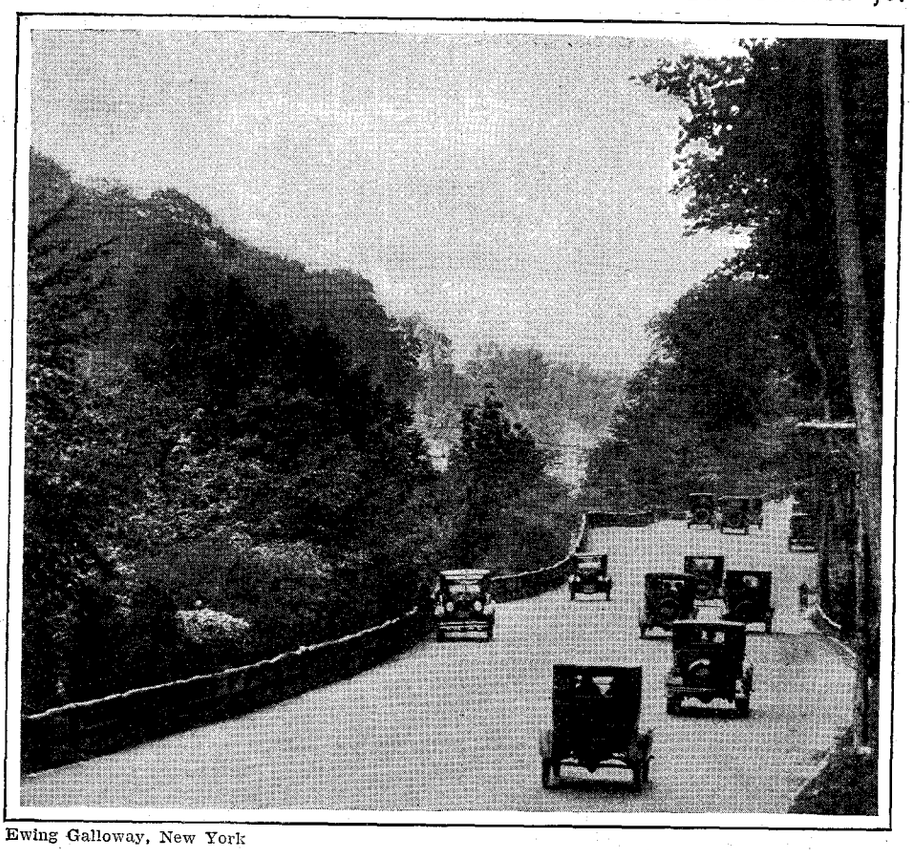
live and all good Americans go when they die. It was the English ingrained aversion to this kind of civic despotism that led Dr. Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol and a contemporary of Haussmann's, to say semi-humorously that the motto written over the gates of hell is, *Ici on parle français.* A good example of the despotic method in the United States is found in the case of the notorious corruptionist Tweed. He was probably the greatest official robber in history, but he had imagination and planned some huge public improvements which enslaved the taxpayers of his day, but which were of real physical benefit to the design of New York City as it now exists.

The Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson, with its really superb approach from Peekskill around Anthony's Nose, is a commendable instance of a public improvement carried out under the second method, namely, of private enterprise for private profit. It was, of course, constructed under legislative authority and will, after a lapse of time, revert to the State. It is, however, at present a private toll road and toll bridge.

The third method, that of co-operation of the taxpayers through their elected representatives, is the democratic method, and is the one generally pursued in the construction of public works in this country. The L'Enfant plan for the development of Washington and the Lincoln Memorial designed as a harmonious part of that plan are examples of the democratic method.

No one can take such an automobile drive as that which occasioned this article without being impressed with the general success or with some of the superficial defects of the third method. The vast network of State roads constructed throughout the United States during the last twenty years is amazing. They are outstanding symbols of the capacity of democracy for efficiency in government. Of course, these roads vary in excellence, as the automobilist very soon discovers. The variation in surface of State roads is trying equally to the temper of the driver's springs and the temper of the driver's spirit. This variation is due partly to ignorance and partly to corruption. The ignorance is excusable; the corruption is not, although it is preventable. When we first began to build hard-surfaced roads, we had to experiment with soils and materials. That experimental stage, however, is now passed, and there is no reason, except the inefficiency of inspection or the scrimping dishonesty of contractors, why all new public roads should not have an even and durable surface, whether they are made of concrete or a tar mixture. If automobilists were as careful about the upkeep of their ballot-boxes as they are about the upkeep of their cars, we should always have good roads in the future; for representative government can be made efficient if the voters determine to have it so. The present Highway Department of the State of New York deserves commendation for the foresight with which it is planning new roads and the efficiency with which it is maintaining old ones. Its work, even under the most careful management, requires very large sums of money, and in this respect it is not receiving all the support it deserves from the voters. At a recent legislative hearing a proposed gasoline tax was vigorously objected to by certain influential automobile organizations. This may be called cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. A consumption tax is the least onerous form of taxation. This has been proved in North Carolina, where excellent State roads are largely, if not wholly, maintained by a small tax on gasoline consumption. The amount of the tax is more than made up to the automobile owner by his saving on wear and tear of tires and parts. Wear and tear—to say nothing of swear—are sure accompaniments of traveling over badly surfaced highways.



Ewing Galloway, New York

Bronx River Parkway below Hartsdale, New York, looking North

My trip from the Highlands of the Hudson to Long Island was enlivened by two experiences, one of the efficiency and the other of the inefficiency of representative government in a democracy. One of the avenues of approach to New York from Westchester County is the Bronx River Parkway. The upper entrance is at White Plains. For fifteen miles a perfectly surfaced drive takes one through a charming piece of landscaping almost to the Harlem River. I doubt if there is a more beautiful municipal drive in the world. There is certainly nothing so picturesque in the Bois de Boulogne, nor can the Fenway, of which Bostonians are justly proud, compare with it. What mayoralty administration is responsible for it I do not know, but whoever the Mayor may be under whose auspices it was planned and carried out, to him I take off my hat. I hope it was not the same Mayor who built Clason Avenue, the only means of access from the Bronx Parkway to the ferry which transported me to Long Island. If it is the same Mayor, I put

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my hat on again. Here is a broad thoroughfare paved with tarred macadam and so bumpy that twice, although running slowly, I thought I had broken a spring. Once I actually got out of my car to see if my gasoline tank was intact.

The Clason Point ferry is a municipal enterprise and a public convenience. It probably could not be operated as a private venture, but it does not reflect credit on the city. The boats are apparently of modern engineering design, are planned especially for automobiles, and doubtless are perfectly stanch and seaworthy. But they look like old-time Mississippi River steamboats, and all for the lack of a coat of paint. My strictures will probably never fall under the eye of Mayor Walker, but I wish somebody would suggest to him the desirability of inviting the Presidents of Bronx Borough and Queens Borough to luncheon and under its mellowing influence to get them to agree to unite their two great divisions of the city by a little pleasanter bond.

It is easy to indulge in captious criticism. In spite of some fault-finding, I safely reached my journey's end with the distinct impression that both the State and the municipal governments which bear the honored name of New York deserve the gratitude of their citizens. The Palisade Park Commission, the State Highway Department, and the Bronx River Parkway are outstanding and encouraging instances of the good work that democracy can do when it ceases to feel only for its own pocket and fixes its eye with intelligent and honest purpose on the public good.

Ironweeds

By Dixon Merritt

WEEDS that keep the law, and bloom in the face of the frost; wild white asters on the dry uplands and ironweeds in the moist bottoms, the chosen plants of Providence, going on from generation unto generation on the land that is theirs, prospering always, despite trial and persecution.

In some such way John Stayhome thinks of the weeds that grow in his hill pasture and his lowland meadow. The mower should have gone over them, according to the rules of agronomy, in June and again in September, but it did not. They say, those who live near him and neighbor with him, that John Stayhome is a lover of weeds. And that to farm folk who all their lives long have fought weeds is equivalent to saying that he is queer.

John Stayhome pleads neither guilty nor not guilty. It all depends, he says, upon the definition; and nobody has yet written an adequate definition of a weed. Emerson said that a weed is a plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered; but that is faulty. Sweet clover, a plant whose virtues are numerous and well known, becomes a weed when it rears its many-branched, woody stalk on a lawn or even in a pasture lot. Dr. Waters, more the farmer and possibly less the poet, said that a weed is a plant out of place. That, too, is faulty. If there is, indeed, a place for everything, wake-robin is in its place when it pushes through the snow above thicket mold. But even there it is a weed.

JOHN STAYHOME, accustomed to fashioning tools for his needs when none is ready to his hand, has made his own definition. A weed, he says, is a plant that succeeds without man's help. Thus defined—thus faultily defined, let it be admitted, for it is not to be believed that John Stayhome has succeeded where poet and agronomist have failed—weeds certainly may awake admiration even if they do not inspire affection. And nobody, not even the neighborhood tattletale, has contended that John Stayhome loves all weeds.

John Stayhome's porch, where he sits at twilight in his hickory armchair, looks southward down a gentle slope to a low-lying pasture, a brook running through it. All spring that pasture is clean, green sod or redtop and bluegrass and perennial clovers, with nowhere any splotch of weeds. But when spring and the lambs are gone together, little tufts of darker green push their way through the grass roots, ten feet apart, perhaps, and hardly noticeable for weeks. Then the tufts are lifted far above the level of the grass on slender, cane-like stalks. The cattle graze around them, for the grass grows freshest at their roots and there the late-blooming clovers are at their best. By August the stalks along the brook bank are ten feet tall, thicker at the base than a man's thumb, and tough, almost, as whalebone. Those up the slope are shorter, feathering out to a fringe of three-foot stalks, but the tuft of leaves at the top is much the same on all, and the little valley seems level-filled with a darker green than the green of grasses. Late along in the summer branches shoot out through the leaf tufts, forming broad, flat heads that turn into a sheet of reddish-purple bloom, intense in color, thistle-like in fineness. The ironweeds have attained their glory, which will continue until several frosts have come. Butterflies innumerable and some long-tongued bees flit through them all day long.

A BOOK-WISE young person came there some years ago with a net, collecting butterflies. He told John Stayhome that his flowering weed was the joepye-weed. But John, slow-thinking and old-fashioned, continued to call it ironweed. That was the name he knew it by when his mother sent him to that valley, barefoot, to drive the cows home at milking time. But the new name caused him, none the less, some unease when he walked down there, out of old habit, and cut one of the long, strong stalks to drive the cows home with. It was so strong, so unbreakable, so iron-like. Then came another book-wise person, older, less immersed in butterflies, and set John's mind at ease. His weed is the ironweed, so named in the books. The joepye is its pale, pinkish cousin—and that by courtesy, for they are not of the same family—with which those of dangerously little learning confuse it.

Is it strange that a hard-working man, with no time for beauty except at twilight and on occasional rainy days, should be thus perturbed about the name of a weed? Yes, it is queer; but John Stayhome is queer. He says that the ironweeds are religious weeds, and that along the bends of the brook are great old prophetweeds, whose duty is to make sure that those about them keep the faith.

What can the religion of an ironweed be? That the tint of the blooms be always that rich and radiant purple and their fragrance always soft, so that all beautiful butterflies will come to spend their days among them and flit from one to all; that each tubular floret be so

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long and no longer, the length of a butterfly's leg and a bee's tongue, and that the hairy styles approach just so closely the brim of the nectar cup, to the end that the heaven-sent flies and bees may carry the pollen of strong plants to such as are weak, and so transmit the best to generations yet to be. That weed which does otherwise—if there is such a one—is false to the faith and to the race; if many should follow in strange ways, the race would be lost, for the winged hosts that Providence sends to minister to it would seek in the cool mornings of autumn other purple-flowering weeds, and the chosen race would become no better than the infidel.

But John Stayhome, since he toddled to the yard gate and looked out between the slats, has seen the ironweeds grow tall in the little valley and cover it each fall with a mantel of that royal dye, distilled in deep-sea beds, which the old Persians used to extract, with infinite pains, from little shells along the coast of Tyre. Meanwhile he has seen many times other species come and take possession of the land and flourish for a season as the green bay tree, only to become degenerate and ingloriously to die.

Immortality is to them that keep the law.

Some Very Secret Service

A Second Article Exposing Organizations Trafficking on the Reputation of the Government

By Ernest W. Mandeville

THAT detective agencies are the places where ex-prohibition agents go, is almost a truism.

That several of the lower-class detective agencies are reaping rich profits from the vicious practice of adopting names similar to the Government bureaus for the purpose of fooling the public and obtaining bribe money is an established fact.

In last week's Outlook I told how the Government's good name is being blackened by private detectives masquerading as Federal officers, and I described some of the methods they employ in fleecing the ignorant and the guilty.

THIS article will be devoted to an account of the activities of two concerns, known as "The Federal Secret Service, Inc.," of Newark, New Jersey, and "The International Secret Service," of Trenton, New Jersey.

It is obvious that a private detective agency which would adopt titles such as the above has in mind the probability that ninety-nine out of a hundred people will mistake their agents for Federal officers.

Wouldn't you? If a man interviewed you and showed an official-looking badge and a photograph identification card to back up the statement that he represented The Federal Secret Service, would you be likely to divine the fact that he was not from the Government, but from The Federal Secret Service, Inc., of Newark, New Jersey—now would you? And, of course, when the speak-easy proprietor is approached by such a man he immediately thinks of padlock proceedings and is eager to grasp the opportunity of slipping the man a few hundred dollars rather than have his business embarrassed.

The business card of this agency reads as follows:

Cable Address: Protection — Tel. Mulberry 2455

FEDERAL SECRET SERVICE
INC.

NEW JERSEY DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS U. S. A. — 235 MARKET ST. 123-127 Mulberry St. Newark, N. J.

Notice the designation "New Jersey District Headquarters." Might it not be that these words are included in order to add weight to the implication that this is a "Federal" bureau?

The Newark office of this private agency is also known as the headquarters of "The Fifth District." Now it happens that Newark is the headquarters of the Fifth District of the real Prohibition Bureau, and is also in the Fifth District of the Internal Revenue Service.

A friend of mine who was told to go to the office of The Federal Secret Service, Inc., and to inquire for "The Chief" was met by an office attendant who said, "The Chief is out; but I am the head of the Narcotic Division." Narcotic Division, indeed!

I caused a letter to be addressed to "The Federal Secret Service, Newark, N. J.," and put in the United States mail. Instead of going to the real Federal Bureau, on Washington Street, Newark, it was delivered by Uncle Sam's postman to the private detective agency. Can you imagine how many letters full of information regarding prohibition violations, etc., which were intended by the senders to go to the Government officials, must find their way into the hands of these private agencies?

I obtained another letter carrying the address "Secret Service Division, Intelligence Office, Newark, N. J.," which was delivered through the mails to this same detective bureau. This letter was written by some one who wished to give information to the Government regarding several stills. Perhaps this will explain to some who have written to the prohibition administrators why they received no acknowledgment of their letters and why no action was taken to correct the conditions to which they referred.

THE head of The Federal Secret Service, Inc., is Judge Peter Pollack, who wears, I am told by the Prohibition Administrator, a badge reading "Captain—Federal Secret Service." Mr. Pollack is a justice of the peace. This office conveniently allows him to be called "Judge," and it also gives him the right to issue warrants. The power to issue such warrants might come in handy in case a person wished to frighten a bootlegger.

On May 21, 1926, shortly after the newspapers announced that local peace officers might be attached to the Prohibition Bureau at nominal salaries, "Judge" Pollack wrote to James E. Jones, Director of Prohibition in Washington, D. C., making application for such an appointment. I am glad to report that Director Jones referred the application to the local Administrator, and there it stopped.

I delved into the past record of this "Judge" Pollack, and found that on August 16, 1920, he was arrested in Newark, New Jersey, and fined $25 for cruelty to animals.

The Newark police blotter alone contains the following notations of arrest:

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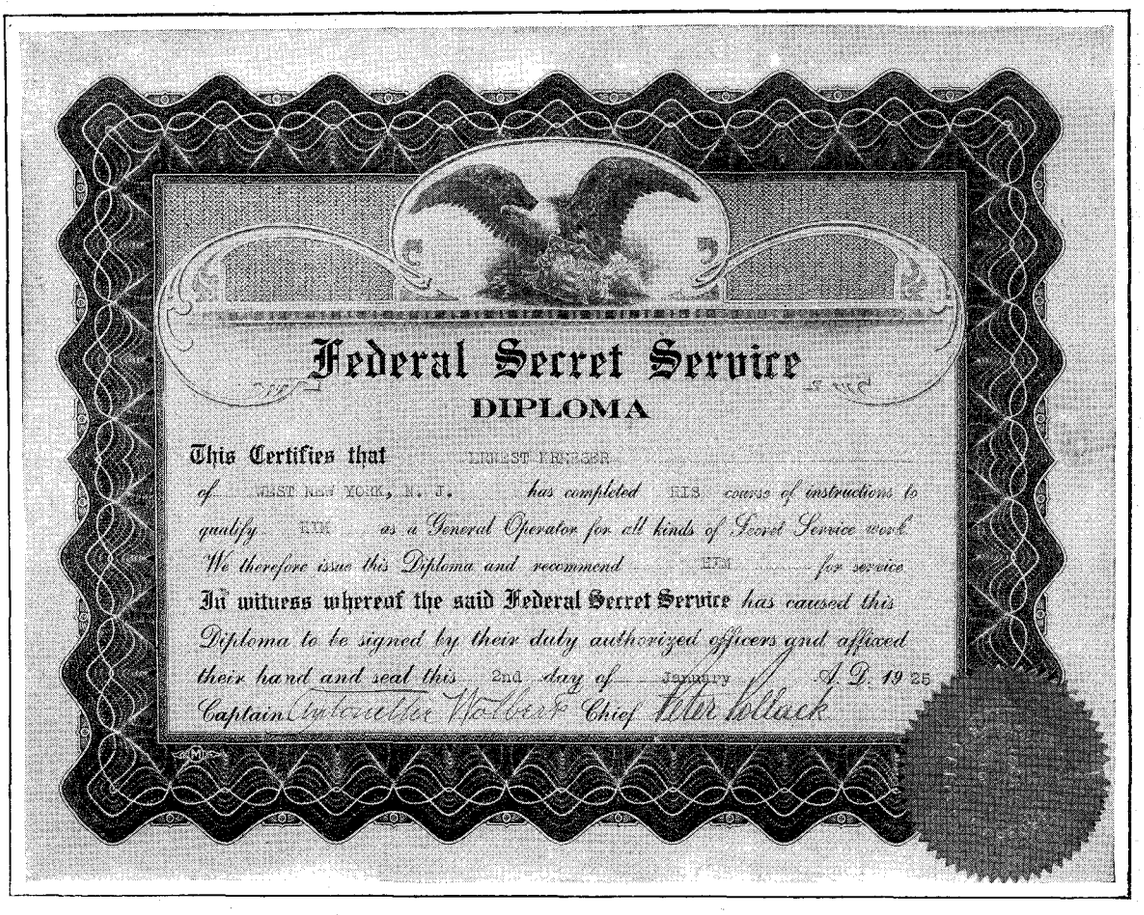

Federal Secret Service

DIPLOMA

This Certifies that ERNEST FENSER

of WEST NEW YORK, N. J. has completed HIS course of instructions to qualify HIM as a General Operator for all kinds of Secret Service work. We therefore issue this Diploma and recommend HIM for service

In witness whereof the said Federal Secret Service has caused this Diploma to be signed by their duly authorized officers and affixed their hand and seal this 2nd day of January A. D. 19 25

Captain Intelligence Wolbert Chief Peter Pollack

A Thing Which Is Not What It Seems

July 21, 1921—for assault and battery.

January 19, 1924—for conspiracy. Held in $2,500 bail for Grand Jury.

June 4, 1924—for conspiracy. Held in $2,500 bail for the Grand Jury.

November 12, 1925—for lewdness.

February 25, 1926—for false pretenses. Held in $1,000 bail for Grand Jury.

A portion of his record card in the Asbury Park Police Station reads as follows:

Peter Pollack was convicted (December 1, 1921) under the following facts: He represented to the Steiner Company of Asbury Park, that certain goods in their factory were being stolen by various employees and that if he was retained as a detective, he would be able to uncover these acts and prevent further thefts. He then placed a man in the factory who stole the Steiner goods at different times and reported to him and brought the goods also to him. Pollack then would go to the Steiner Company and show them the goods which were stolen by his own employee as proof of the fact that the factory was losing their merchandise. His scheme, however, soon became apparent, and he was indicted and convicted and committed to the Asbury Park jail.

ONE of Mr. Pollack's present sources of income comes from schooling "Federal Secret Service" agents, presenting them with a diploma and a badge. A photograph of one of these diplomas appears on this page. This document, signed by Captain Wolbert (a woman) and Chief Pollack, "certifies that the candidate has completed his course of instructions to qualify him as a General Operator for all kinds of Secret Service work. We therefore issue this Diploma and recommend him for service." You will notice that neither the diploma nor the impressed seal includes the letters "Inc." after the title "Federal Secret Service." Several of the graduates are now bootleggers as well as "Secret Service men," according to the official correspondence of the Prohibition Administrator for New Jersey.

Other methods employed by Mr. Pollack to fatten his pocketbook were explained to me as follows by Captain Jesse L. Thompson, until lately Prohibition Administrator for the State of New Jersey, who has kept in close contact with the present court charges against the "Judge:"

"It was brought out in the testimony that Pollack had represented himself as a United States Federal Secret Service chief to the concern in New York which made his badges. Affidavits were also introduced showing that Pollack's agents, masquerading as Federal officers, obtained bribe money from foreigners operating restaurants, hotels, and speakeasies by threatening to raid their places if the money was not forthcoming. Pollack himself, according to the testimony of Police Detective Bowbliss, of Newark, tried to scare the police into doing his bidding by threatening to show up the conditions in the precinct if they did not.

"Another one of Pollack's games is to solicit advertising in an alleged Sesqui-Centennial booklet from the bootleggers. He gave them to understand that by taking a page advertisement in the booklet and marking it 'Compliments of a Friend' they would gain the good will of the Secret Service, be notified of all raids, and be given full protection. He is in trouble on this charge now in Wildwood, New Jersey. Thirty checks made out to the Federal Secret Service were deposited by him to his own account. He did a land office business in selling advertising to scores of bootleggers who were afraid to refuse. Pollack would tell them if they made any complaints he would have them arrested for trying to bribe a United States officer.

"He also gets up dinners which are supposed to be in honor of various judges and magistrates. He mulcts the bootleggers twenty-five dollars a ticket for these affairs, on the ground that they can thereby gain the official favor of the courts.

"He was given eight hours to get out of Asbury Park and twenty-four hours to leave Trenton. Why is it that he is

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allowed to operate promiscuously here in North Jersey?"

A LETTER from N. A. K. Bugbee, Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of New Jersey, states, "The State Detective License issued to Peter Pollack was revoked by me on the tenth day of December, 1922."

But, as this article shows, he is still operating.

I wrote to Judge Bodine, of the United States District Court in Trenton, about the matter, and he replied: "I recall a person of rather low intelligence entered a plea of guilty before me charged with representing himself as a Federal officer. It developed that he had been employed by the Federal Secret Service, Inc. I suggested at that time that it seemed to me that the District Attorney should proceed against the persons who were using such a title as Federal Secret Service. Since equity has jurisdiction to prevent fraud, it seems to me that some steps might be taken against these people. However, nothing so far has been done."

NEW JERSEY officials! Secret Service heads! Prohibition administrators! You who are being harmed! How about it?

Sanderson of Oundle

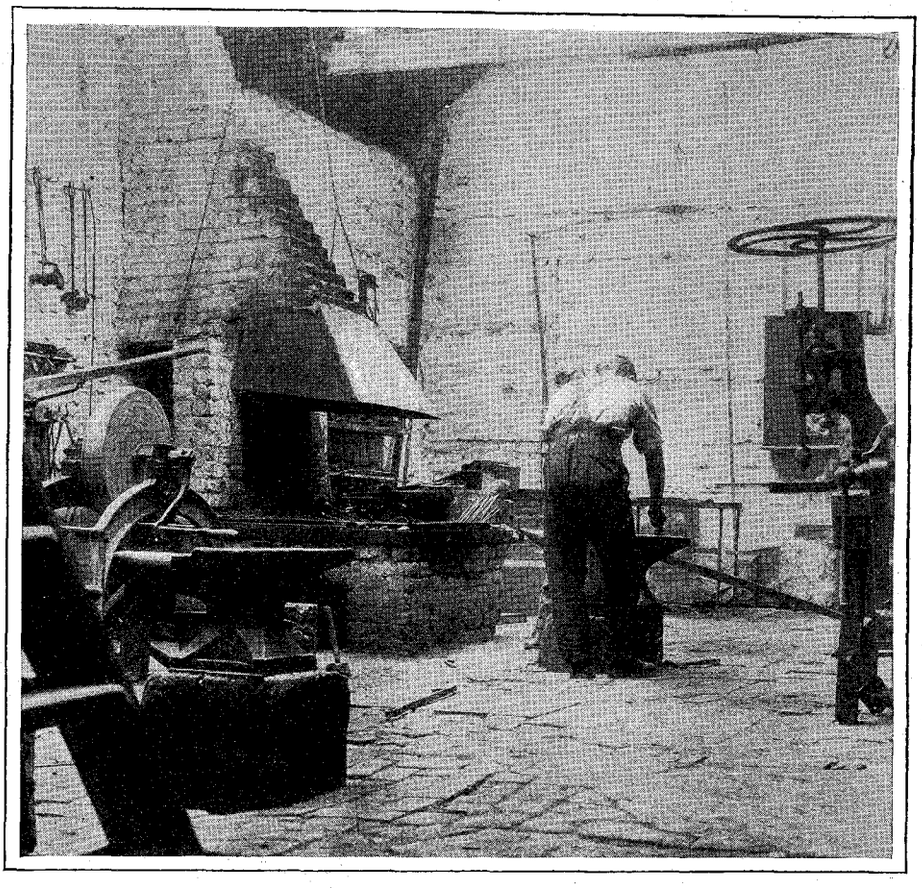
The Fourth Article on the Schools of England

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

GREAT schools, like other human institutions, frequently trace their greatness to the influence and capacity of one unusually able man of extraordinary personality. Rugby, as we know, owes much to the great Dr. Arnold, and no small amount to Thomas Hughes because of the human appeal and high idealism of his "Tom Brown." For a similar reason we are beginning to hear of a certain "Howson of Holt," to whom modern Gresham's School owes so much, as we will explain in a later paper. And for the same reason we have heard much of "Sanderson of Oundle," whose name H. G. Wells brought to the attention of the public at large without being quite as fair in all respects as some associates of Sanderson thought proper.

A master of Oundle, therefore, kindly loaned me his own "Sanderson of Oundle," written anonymously by one of the masters and confidants after Sanderson's death—surely a most extraordinary book, and one that should be read not only by school-folk for their encouragement, but by those parents and associations who feel that in our schools, private as well as public, the individual is lost so frequently in the mass, and who suspect that our methods, despite great progress in some directions, are still largely in the early Victorian stage of development.

The growth of Sanderson's theories and their practical application reads like a romance. He saw early enough, as all really acquainted with children see, that boys are not alike in their mentality or reactions, and that their differences are usually proper and desirable. He felt, at first, that he had to consider certain broad groups. For instance, those of "abstract" type of mind, whether literary or mathematical, and those of a more "concrete" type, with abilities for



The "Village Blacksmith" at Oundle School

construction or for art. This realized, he began providing regular courses to fit these general types—courses carefully worked out in detail and expertly taught.

Well, some of us, aware of these type differences, have been making earnest attempts to plan appropriate courses to fit the different types we recognized, often partly nullifying our most hopeful attempts by the addition of freak pseudo-educational and pseudo-psychological innovations, with disconcerting results. Nevertheless we too, here and there, are working along these lines, and an immense amount of work has been done, and is being done, in an endeavor to find efficient tests for discovering a child's normal type, his individual capacities, and the best method for developing those capacities.

Sanderson, as his intensive study progressed, began to see divisions and subdivisions of types of mind, and to discover other kinds of classifications and sub-groups, until finally, as might have been expected, he saw that the *individual boy* should be the starting-point. Instead of arranging courses, then, to fit certain theoretical types of

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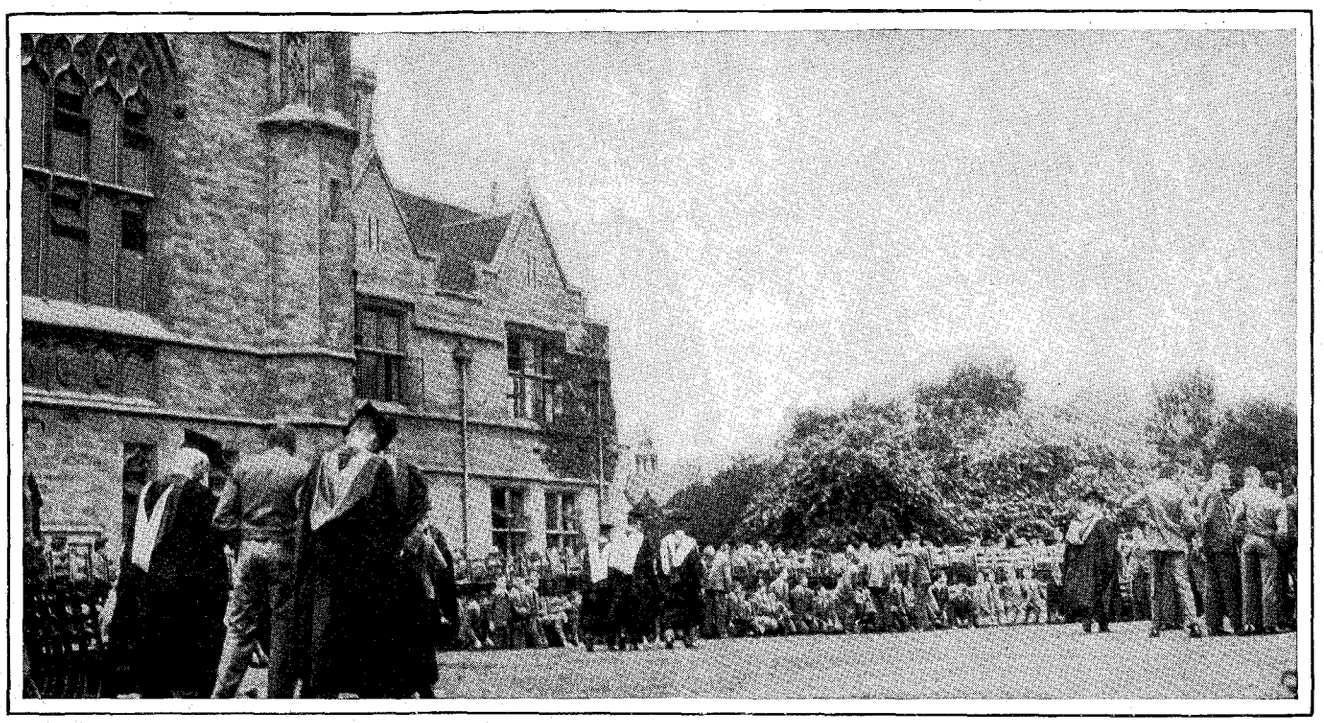

Oundle outdoors. English schoolmen almost invariably wear the cap and gown. Teaching is a thoroughly dignified affair

boys, he began studying each individual boy and to plan courses to fit him. Nor does this mean that he abandoned group-work, with its immense social and character value. It means that beyond the group-work, caring for definite indispensable fundamentals, he was able to plan more and more effectively for the development of the special capacities of each individual boy, no matter what those capacities might be, finding those capacities through study of the boy's obvious aptitudes and tastes as correlated with classroom performance.

That was one of Sanderson's fundamental achievements—making first-class courses to fit the individual boy. This was a revolutionary idea when he brought it out, but he was successful with it in his school because he was able to provide a staff capable of caring for the wide and varied range of interests demanded. Even a brief visit to Oundle leaves one astonished at the variety, completeness, and excellence of the equipment provided for the development of individual capacities, from the severely classical to the severely scientific, and from the artistic or musical to the purely mechanical. The scientific laboratories, for instance, are thoroughly equipped with a range of apparatus and with delicate instruments that many a college would be glad to possess. Then there are complete shops for very thorough and practical training in the use of wood and metal. Then there are testing machines, such as we find here only in the laboratories of our engineering colleges.

This shop work is not looked upon as a kind of play or recreation, much as the average boy enjoys it. It is very largely used as an aid in understanding fundamental principles through their application, and all without being so technical as to overwhelm the youthful mind. So valuable did all this applied science seem to Sanderson, because of its "romance and mystery" for youth, because it is not static but progresses as the race progresses, and because of its contact with almost all aspects of our daily life, that, no matter how narrowly classical a boy's tastes and aptitudes might be, he had to take his turn in the shops—even to the extent of doing some practical blacksmithing! Real blacksmithing, too, in a typical village smithy, where the village horses are brought regularly to be shod! And I am personally acquainted with a number of young men who are impractical and conceited individuals, unsuccessful in their relations with others and of small value to society, but who undoubtedly might have been interesting and useful citizens if, in their formative years, they had been compelled to beat out horseshoes on an anvil, and then nail these same shoes to the unwilling hoofs of suspicious and not particularly enthusiastic horses.

Let me say, then, that special courses for individuals and for small groups are developed at Oundle to a degree practically unknown in our own preparatory schools, though some of us are making sturdy strides in that direction. Besides this, Sanderson's practical knowledge of boy capacity and boy view-point enabled him to suggest changes in methods of teaching—to the improvement of those methods. This was true, for instance, concerning mathematics—a subject that with us, just now, needs a good, rousing revolution. He declared that the ordinary teaching of mathematics was "narrow, stylistic, unambitious, and hedged in by the artificialities which so rapidly grow round a self-centered subject." He therefore insisted that mathematical "problems" should be drawn only from a practical and obvious reality. He banned the improbable and often thoroughly silly "examples," such as are usually given our children, particularly in algebra—with the evident idea of puzzling them with unmeaning intricacies rather than instructing them in matters having some real connection with life.

The same stimulus went into courses such as art and music. As in other good English schools, there is much music at Oundle—both vocal and instrumental. The singing at Oundle is famous in England—a nation notable for its singing. A little time ago their singing of Handel's "Messiah" was broadcast by radio. That would be a mighty fine achievement on the part of any of our best preparatory schools! However, we may not be so very far from it when one considers the excellent work now being done by our college singing societies.

Understand me. Sanderson did not for an instant advocate the too widely advertised theory that school work should be made both easy and pleasant simultaneously. Quite the reverse.

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While he declared that the pursuit of knowledge should be a "pleasurable unfolding" rather than merely an acquisition of hard facts, he nevertheless believed that the acquisition of hard facts, through good hard work, was invaluable, but as a means and not as an end in itself. This idea would come as a terrible shock to those of us who feel that we can only educate by stuffing juvenile minds as full as possible of "facts"—or how else will they be able to pass their College Board examinations?

I hope I have given some of the thought underlying the spirit of Oundle, which, besides, is a splendidly equipped school in buildings and faculty, strongly supported financially (an ancient trade guild stands behind it), using, as do other English schools, the assistance of chosen older boys as an aid to proper discipline and attitude, and doing its utmost to find and to develop each individual's special capacity, no matter what it is, while preparing him at the same time for that social co-operation so necessary for folk who must live in communities and not individually in caves. Not only so, but the boys are brought to an unexpected degree to feel Sanderson's own feeling—that work, after all, is a high social service—a sacred matter, to be done seriously, honestly, joyously, and almost religiously.

Finally, let me show you a list of some of the things made in two of the Oundle workshops, with their purpose, not only because of the obvious practicality of the work itself, but because the list also signifies the wide range of practical study obtaining in this fine old school.

MACHINE SHOP

OBJECTS CONSTRUCTED AND RENOVATED	FOR THE
Rolling mill	Metallurgical laboratory
Machine vise	Metal workshop
Viscosity-testing apparatus	Senior physical laboratory
Screw-jacks	Engineering laboratory
Microscopes (repaired)	Biological laboratory
Molding boxes (machined)	Foundry
Steam-engines (overhauled)	Engineering laboratory

CARPENTER SHOP

Wheelbarrows	Experimental farm (the school has a real farm of 100 acres)
Dining-room tables	School boarding-house
Study-desks with bookcases	School boarding-house
Plane tables for surveying	Mathematical Department

Baseball Follows the Flag—and the Thermometer

By WILLIAM E. PULLIAM

General Receiver of Dominican Customs

THE aborigines, the Arawaks, whom Columbus found on his arrival (1492) in the island now called by the Spanish descendants Santo Domingo, by others, when referring to the western portion, Haiti, played a game of pelota which bore the name of *batei*. It would seem to be a far cry from that day to the advent of *beisbol,* the phonetic spelling given to the great American game of baseball.

Just as developed in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, where American influence extended beyond the confines of purely administrative endeavor, our beloved National pastime has made a deep impression on the native mind, one result of which was the introduction of baseball. The game has become firmly implanted in Santo Domingo.

For several years past the youth of the country at its principal centers has caught the athletic spirit engendered by the great game, essentially a pastime of the poor, for little paraphernalia is required to keep dozens of boys occupied and intensely interested. On Sundays, holidays, feast days, and Saturday afternoons many games are in progress. It is a healthy sign and augurs well for better health and greater stamina in the rising generation. The youthful minds, thus weaned away from thoughts of sordid things like rum, cockfights, and lottery tickets, engage in the exhilarating sport, which means filling the lungs with fresh open air and promotes body tissue building. For in the endeavor to excel, and thus make positions on the scrub teams, the survival of the fittest test naturally applies.

It is an interesting sight to watch the play and players, many of whom wear improvised equipment in the way of home-made sandals to protect the feet, in the absence of regulation shoes, and gloves not bearing the Spalding trademark. Some youngster who has acquired spiked shoes at once becomes the envy of his team-mates. And it speaks volumes in behalf of the young Dominican players to note that in an athletic contest unknown to the country a dozen years ago such progress and skill have been developed that the older and better teams easily held their own against clubs composed of American Marines during the latter period of the military occupation which terminated in 1924, for in certain so-called league contests the Marines were defeated by the Dominicans. Also it may be remarked in this connection that among the Marines were players who had had the benefit of training and experience gained in the United States. So it is not difficult to conjecture that within a short while there may be Dominican ball players who will find places in both the National and American League circuits, in which to-day figure more than one Cuban star.

To an American familiar with the home jargon a most interesting sidelight on the different aspects of the game as played in this country and reported in the native press is the coinage of a new language to express the well-known terms employed in English, which do not admit of free Spanish translation. Practically the entire English nomenclature has been grafted, as it were, onto the Spanish, thus creating at times amusing combinations. With the exception of the words

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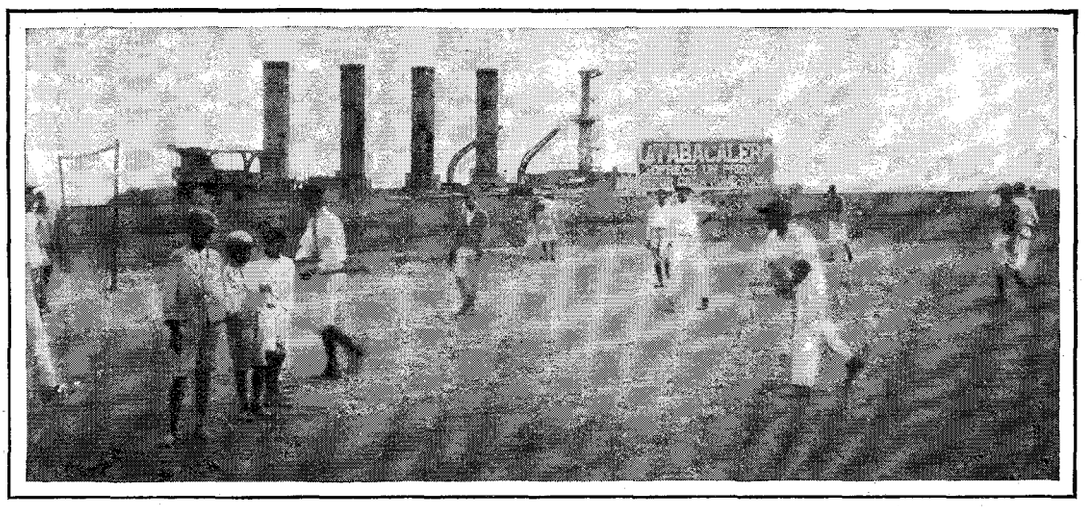

"first," "second," "third," and "nines," for which there are appropriate Spanish equivalents (*primera, segunda, tercera,* and *novenas*), the other English nouns, such as "out," "fly," "foul," "strike," "pitcher," "catcher," "innings," "lineup," "hit," "base," "runner," "outfield," "box," "trainer," "bats," etc., are employed by players and fans, but with a native pronunciation which would puzzle the fans at home. A fan becomes a *fanatico*. Not a bad equivalent, and maybe nearer the mark (for the time being).

When some dusky twirler is being lambasted to the four corners of the lot, the cry goes up, *"Vamos á cambiar pitchers"* (let's change pitchers), and when an embryonic Babe Ruth loses the ball on a long drive to a near-by cocoanut grove the delirium of the side-lines is as intense as on some more pretentious field.

The native press in reporting ball games gives more of a personal touch than with us, and compliments are freely handed out to individual players, especially where keen rivalry has been developed between teams representing different centers, social clubs, or lyceums.

PERHAPS it is the Spanish inborn love for the spectacular, as evidenced by the matador striving for the plaudits of the multitude in the bull ring, that explains the skill developed by Dominican ball players in their, at times, truly sensational fielding stunts. Some of their infield stops border on the marvelous, and would get a big hand at any ball park. In their execution the player has his ear attuned for the outburst in the stands if he succeeds. In the principal department of the game, pitching, the Dominicans had a decided edge over their Marine opponents, and the native pitchers were wholly self-taught. Upon occasions no-run games were registered against Marine teams. Thus, on the whole, the natives have shown a superiority. As late as 1920 and before that year Marine Corps baseball clubs had little difficulty in disposing of the native teams, but the development among the players of the latter was so pronounced that the tables were completely turned, so that the Dominicans in 1922–3 regularly beat the Marines in more than a majority of the games played against the best-picked teams the American military forces could muster.

THE ill-fated Tennessee and a tobacco advertisement form the background for this picture of Haitian baseball, in a land where the horsehide pre-empts the natural playing season of the pigskin.

In both pitching and batting the natives excelled, and this fact was freely admitted.

A picturesque figure developed among the native pitchers was Alejandro Pedro, familiarly known as "San," a youngster of some twenty-three years, born at Monte Cristi, near the Haitian border. San, self-trained, possessed a wonderful under-hand or submarine delivery, combining speed with twisters which completely baffled his opponents at the bat. But for drawing the color line, San one day might be found in a big league circuit. On the side-lines, those trying to rattle him call him *muñeca de tarvia* (tar baby), because of his color and the relucent appearance of his face. So clever was he that his prowess became known in neighboring islands, and he was induced to go to Porto Rico to join a local team there striving for supremacy.

It is to be recorded, and with regret, that since the departure of the Marine forces baseball has experienced a decline. Absence of the urge. Just another and concrete example of the lack of sustained effort on the part of the average Latin-American in any endeavor which calls for perseverance. Hence it is to Porto Rico, just beyond the Mona Passage, that the young Dominican aspirant looks for baseball glory, renown, and income, with a pardonable Cobbesque slant on the future, in the same way that a bush leaguer has hopes of breaking into the fast company of the National League.

IN Porto Rico, which has enjoyed American administration since the close of the Spanish-American War (1898), baseball has flourished, and the game there is under more pretentious management, with a naturally advanced development and progress. Semi-professional teams from home visit Porto Rico for series of games with the local talent.

Sundays are the big days for the contests in both forenoons and afternoons, when intercity series are played by teams representing the larger Dominican cities. These games are liberally supported by the populace, who are relieved of a subway jam by traveling à la Ford to the ball-grounds.

Being in the tropics, the playing season is the opposite to that in "the States"—Christmas time *versus* May Day—for the afternoon sun in the summer months would prove much too enervating, plus the prevalence of torrential rains.

The photograph at the top of this page depicts an unusual baseball view. The background, forming the left field wall, supports a huge advertising sign of a local tobacco manufactory, which offers a premium *"por cada home run"* —there we have the juxtaposition—while just beyond, plainly to be seen, is the wreck of the ill-fated armored cruiser Memphis, christened Tennessee, once the pride of the American Navy, a veritable floating fortress, cast up by a monstrous tidal wave or marine earthquake, as explained at the time (in August, 1916), when on a clear, bright afternoon the ship was lifted by the elements and deposited, on an even though crushed keel, on the coral coast, so close to land that a short suspension foot-bridge admits of easy access to the phantom-like craft.

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Name.....

Address.....

Calvin Coolidge, Politician

The Shrewdest to Sit in the White House Since Abraham Lincoln

By DON C. SEITZ

THE people who pick Calvin Coolidge for a political pin-head are mistaken. He is the shrewdest politician who has sat in the White House since Abraham Lincoln. But one man ever outfooted Lincoln, and that was Thomas Jefferson. Andrew Jackson made his way by force. His political moves, as a rule, were bad. Mr. Lincoln was a master of the art of politics. He made no mistakes of method so far as they affected his own fortunes. In the approach to the Presidency, although beaten by Douglas in a trial of strength by the fact that enough Illinois Democrats held over in the State Senate to keep the latter in his seat, Lincoln had met and made issues that won him the Republican nomination, defeating William H. Seward, who deserved it far more than Lincoln. Once in office, his handling of men was masterful. He could check, "jump" a king, and do things that only a mind perfected in the game could accomplish.

When he saw his second election imperiled, he pushed Hannibal Hamlin off the tail of the ticket and replaced him with Andrew Johnson, a war Democrat. This pulled many of the same sort to his standard. When John C. Fremont secured an independent nomination in 1864, he rid himself of the dangerous "Pathfinder" by removing Montgomery Blair from the Postmaster-Generalship. There was nothing the matter with Blair except that he represented Fremont's price for getting out of the way. Mr. Coolidge is quite different temperamentally from Abraham Lincoln, but he knows equally well how to take care of himself politically. He is one of the last of the Yankees, but the shrewdness of the race is boiled down in his system.

Most of the early Vermonters were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut men who were too ingenious to flourish in those colonies and established Vermont on original lines, taking the land from its accredited owners, doing much as they pleased, and retaining more of the Yankee strain than can be found elsewhere in purity. This insures a definiteness of purpose and a certainty of procedure that usually succeeds. Mr. Coolidge possesses these qualities to a high degree.

There is no great demand for "leadership" in the United States of to-day The people had enough of this under Bryan, Roosevelt, and Wilson. They want some one who will attend to his business and leave theirs alone. This Mr. Coolidge does to perfection. He has been much criticised by the captious for putting out his "unofficial spokesman" feelers. The policy has proved one of the best. The people must know in some way the problems that confront the Administration. The "unofficial spokesman" tells them. That he varies his views to suit the wind is rather to be commended than condemned. He is there, he recognizes, to serve, not "run" the country, as some of his predecessors have thought, and takes the trouble to find out what it thinks it wants. If any mistakes have resulted, they are not visible to the naked eye.

People who wish the President ill make loud acclaim over the alleged loss of "Coolidge Senators." He has probably lost little sleep over the changes in the upper house, and has small reason to. The people are with him, and he knows it. What happens to others in politics is a matter of small concern. The thing is to keep happenings away from his personal fortunes. This he has succeeded in doing. The Administration has not been "rebuked" anywhere. He knows he is not responsible for the low price of wheat, and the chances are favorable for its rising in the two years to come before the first Tuesday in November, 1928.

Prohibition is a party, not a personal vexation. It distresses both Democrats and Republicans, neither one of which has accepted the issue as a party, and neither one of which knows which one the issue will seize and make its own. Anti-slavery had to create a party out of the wrecks of others, and even then, war, not statesmanship, settled the question.

In the matter of the schism over the League of Nations Mr. Coolidge has managed to keep the country's foot in the door by his approach to the World Court. He is aware, of course, that the nations of the earth are now nearly all lined up against the United States, and that its position is not pretty in the event of a crisis. He also knows that the World Court lacks a sheriff. That he is heading the country toward inevitable

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membership in the League would be the soundest conclusion to be drawn from his moves.

By adroitly presenting "prosperity" as an issue he has shown his usual insight into public psychology. He has been able to appraise the patriotism of the average. It does not care to go hungry for principle, or to prefer power to profits. Since he began his public career in Northampton he has never made the mistake of over-estimating popular opinion. He can diagnose without getting excited, and operate without the sound of cheers ringing in his ears, preferring approbation to applause. This he has invariably secured.

The scandals attached to the Harding Administration are none of his concern. The courts are dealing with them, and his appointees are doing their duty well. That it is an era of the commonplace is easily to be admitted, but there is much comfort in commonplace placidity. We now have plenty of it.

That Mr. Coolidge is "near" in the Yankee sense is true. That means being close-fisted, careful, and conservative. "Nearness" differs from suspiciousness by being concrete. It takes nothing on trust and is not affected by emotion. A New England product, it has stood the test of time. Mr. Coolidge's spirit is that of the common run of plain, honest folks, whose chief luxury consists in being satisfied with themselves. He is not a "spender" either personally or officially. There are no houses of mirth connected with his Administration. Lincoln told tales to illustrate his points and rest his mind. Coolidge is rather a creator of anecdotes. He wants his "pants" pressed at home. If a small coin drops, his quick ears locate the spot where it falls and his fingers are the first to get it. He wants what he wants when he wants it, but gets along with little.

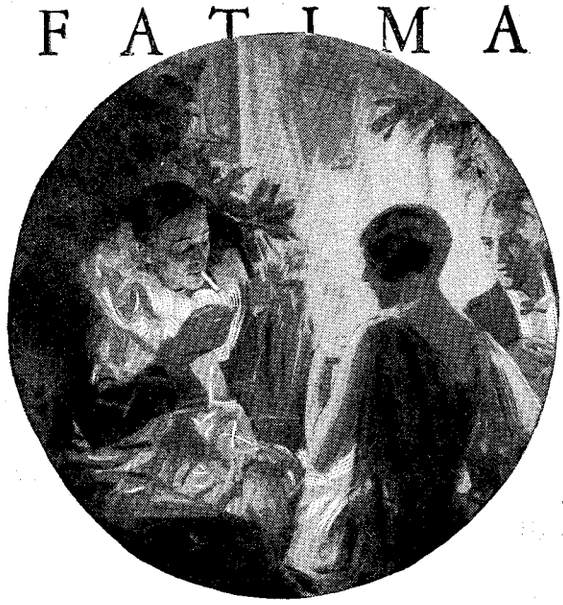
It is not strange that he should affiliate with Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York. Smith, too, has a sense of the soul of the common person. Neither is a great man, nor aspires to be. Smith is not "great" in office. He is competent. So is Coolidge. Thus they meet the requirements of government. Neither is a busybody, uplifter, or experimenter. Each knows that the surest way to succeed is not to attempt things that cannot be done. Smith is a hail-fellow-well-met to many, Coolidge is such to none, but beneath their skins they are alike. The contrast is outward. That they may face each other in the next campaign does not affect the kinship.

Lincoln, it may be said, never came to the rescue of politicians in distress. Neither does Coolidge. He will get into

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

FATIMA



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no scrapes—as did his predecessor. There are no "good fellows" around him. They freeze up in his presence and depart, wondering if he is human. The truth is he is more so than they—they are the artificialities. It is a fact hardly to be questioned that Coolidge and Smith come nearer representing the people the way they want to be represented than any two men conspicuous in the public life of to-day. Smith makes a curious appeal to women; Coolidge is less fortunate in this respect.

Men who take good care of themselves may be called selfish, but they usually know how to take excellent care of the wants of others. Few of our great men have possessed this art. Politics is a game of niceties and must be played meticulously. This Coolidge does. If he does not "warm up" to everything that comes along, it does not mean that interest in items escapes him. He has permitted no one to rock the boat of Foreign Relations. The Knights of Columbus departed soothed from the summer White House, but nothing has happened to Mexico. China does not excite him, and there is no sign that he is much moved by the unpopularity of bad American manners in Paris or Tokyo. In short, he will not trouble trouble even when trouble troubles him. If the country prefers golf to voting, he will sound no alarm, being pretty certain that a majority of those who do go to the polls will be for Calvin. They always have been, and nothing has yet occurred to change their minds.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

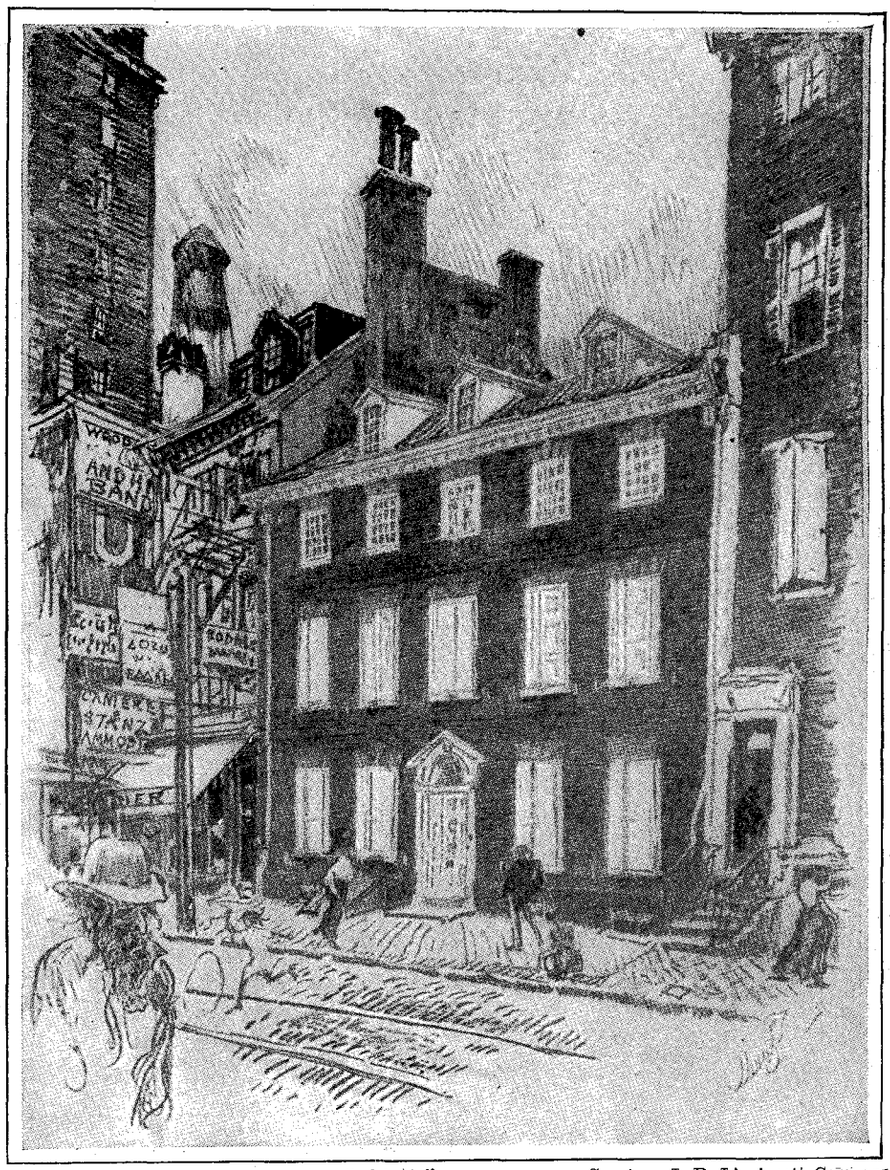
Thought and Deed

By W. J. GHENT

THERE are short cuts to learning, even if there be no royal road; and as the mass of recorded knowledge mounts with the years, the outline and the epitome attain an ever-increasing usefulness. Here are two compact abridgments of exceptional value. They are entertainingly written; they are modern in view-point and method; they are in the best sense scholarly. One of them traces from mediæval times the lineage of ideas and ideals; the other surveys from prehistoric times the record of cultural achievement.

Professor Randall's contribution is a history of the philosophic and social thought[1] of the Western peoples, and his starting-point is the thirteenth century. Though by that time they had created a society of "magnificent form and beauty," it was a pioneer society, crude and ignorant and just emerging from a barbarous past. The civilization of these peoples has since then undergone more changes than any other civilization of the world. Now, "thanks to the possession of applied science and hence of machine guns and battleships, it has managed to obtain a superficial hold upon the whole globe." What the world looked like and felt like to the men of the thirteenth century, what vestiges of their civilization still remain to us, and what successive discoveries have altered their world to the one in which we now live is the theme of the book.

A palimpsest, De Quincey termed the human mind; a mosaic, others have termed it. There is hardly a belief of the past, writes the author, that does not enter, in some form, into the modern world as the object of passionate allegiance. Yet, for all these vestiges, it is a transformed world. A fundamental difference between the old and the new is the widespread consciousness of evolution—the concept of a world of change, growth, and development. From the welter of conflicting faiths and pathways of salvation there seems to be emerging



From "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of Philadelphia" Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Company

The Morris House on Eighth Street

[1] The Making of the Modern Mind. A Survey of the Intellectual Background of the Present Age. By John H. Randall, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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a frank acceptance of the goods of life and an intensification and multiplication of them through scientific knowledge. What beliefs or ideals the future will adopt cannot be predicted. Faith—a trust in something, whatever it may be, outside ourselves—faith and intelligence will determine.

This book has learning, understanding, a closely woven unity of design, and a clear perspective. Then, too, it is easy to read. A Huxleyan lucidity characterizes its diction. To scan any of its passages, and particularly those that deal with the more recondite phases of his subject, is to recognize the work of a writer who has first taken the pains to comprehend what he means to write about and has then taken equal care to explain it in the accepted specie of current terms.

Professor Thorndike leads off with an avowal which to many readers will seem an unhappy blend of the naïve and the grandiose.[2] "When the World War broke out in 1914," he begins, "I determined to do what little I could to keep civilization alive." Here and there, moreover, are little touches somewhat suggestive of that complex popularly known as "parlor radicalism." The treatment of the world-wide reaction against the French Revolution, with the statement regarding the attitude of Lord Byron (page 507) and of the like reaction against the Bolshevik régime (pages 525–526), is a case in point. It ought not to be necessary to remark that the poet who wrote,

> Yet France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
> And fatal have her saturnalia been
> To Freedom,

clearly recognized that the chief cause of the reaction was the savage terrorism practiced by the republicans and *not* their assault on privilege. A like terror, one hundred and twenty-five years later, has borne a like effect.

But these are minor matters and detract but little from the sterling excellence of the book. In the first place, it is a marvel of compression. How many ponderous tomes have been gutted for this rich store of material, packed within the compass of 600 pages, it would be idle to guess. The latest researches in the many fields of discovery have been drawn upon both for the life of the ancient world and for the life of to-day. What men have thought and done, how they have lived and governed themselves, what religious and social customs

[2] A Short History of Civilization. By Lynn Thorndike. F. S. Crofts & Co., New York. $5.

Does Carmencita still dance in Seville?

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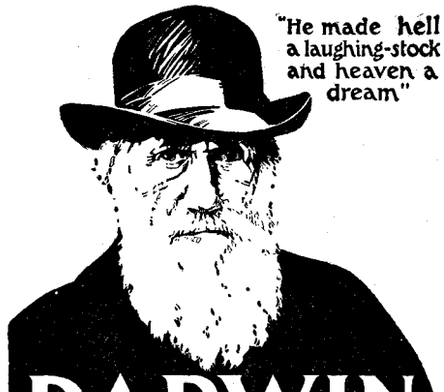

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BY
GAMALIEL BRADFORD

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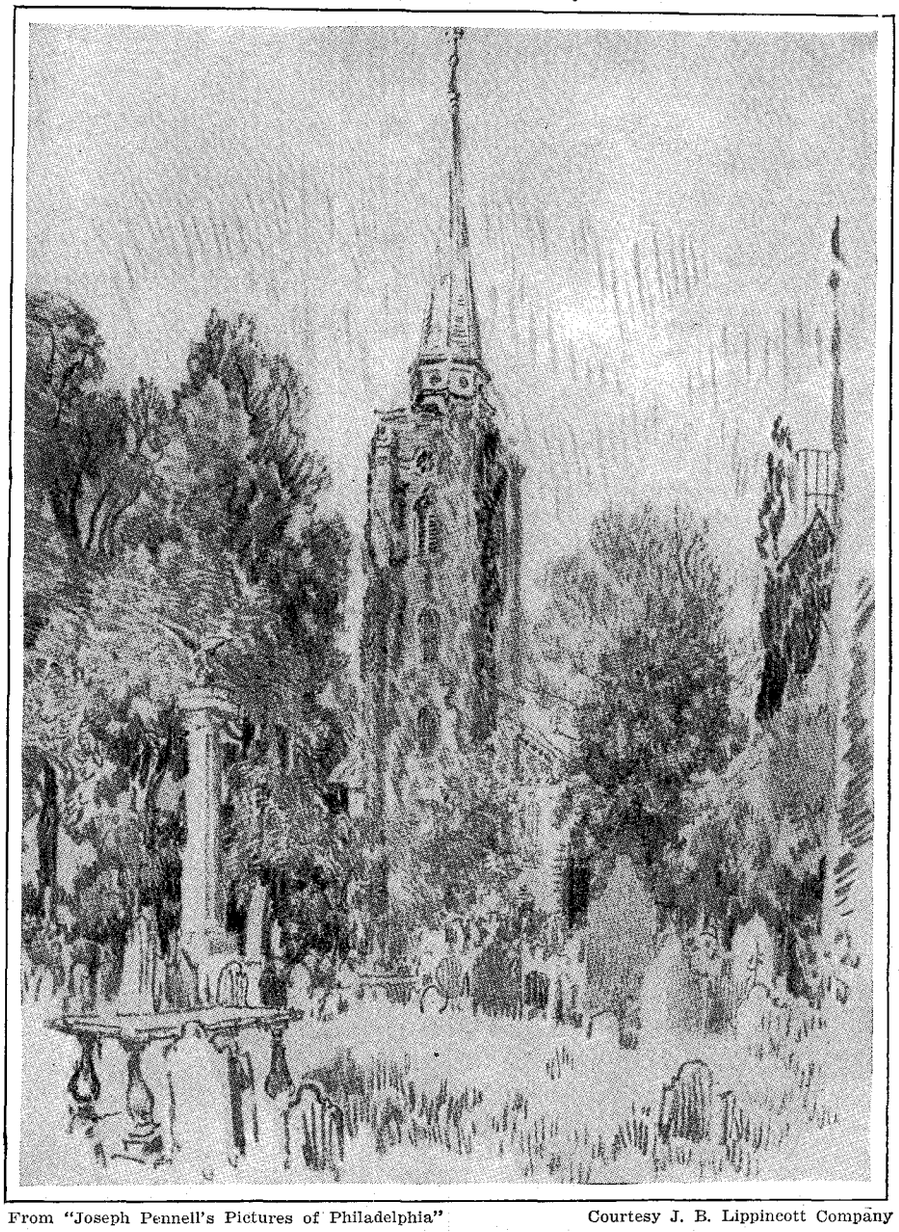
they have followed, what discoveries and inventions they have made, and what arts they have developed—all that is most significant is given here in simple and forthright expression. The author's long experience as a teacher of history has admirably fitted him for his present task. Following these pages, one may readily visualize a moving picture of the world's progress. It is a book for the "general reader," and to all who come within that classification it ought to prove invaluable. Since most of us, outside of some restricted field to which we devote ourselves, are general readers, its potential field is a vast one.

Three New Novels

Reviews by R. D. Townsend

THE fading of romance is rather a favorite theme in Miss Glasgow's novels. In her "Romantic Comedians"[1] we find it approached partly from the satirical and partly from the sorrowful side. The dignified elderly Judge who is so ill-advised as to marry a charming young girl does in a measure win our sympathy, but we never forget that this is a case of "no fool like an old fool." His sister, who boasts of her four husbands, and enjoys the scandalous aroma that clings to her past, neither amuses nor edifies; she is there to stand for the gross conception of love as hilarity and indulgence. The sweet old maid who has loved the Judge all her life stands for the essentially unembodied romanticism of the old era. The young wife is the modern girl; she is not restrained from following the leading of

[1] The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.



From "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of Philadelphia" Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Company

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passion despite her genuine gratitude to and regard for her elderly husband. Not one of the characters appeals to one as does Dorinda in "The Barren Ground," who picks up the threads of her life after the crash of her romance and becomes an efficient, friendly, useful citizen. "Barren Ground" was not scattering satire like this new story, but a fine study of courage and womanliness. For that reason it is the stronger and more wholesome book.

On the other hand, we find here glitter of epigram and cleverness. Of one lady we are told that "she is so noble that she creaks," of the sex in general that "the only trouble with perfect ladies is that they lie as perfectly as they behave." Men come off poorly—the Judge is a gentleman, the others are shadows. Of husbands we are told, "Every woman has to choose between a young husband who is seldom there when you want him and an elderly one who is always there when you don't want him." Of the Judge's once too gay but now elderly sister it is asserted that young people "treated her scarlet letter less as the badge of shame than as some foreign decoration for distinguished service." This last bitter touch indicates that the author, after all, may be at heart on the side of romantic sentiment rather than that of modern obstreperousness.

There are two writers, one American the other English, unlike in almost every way, who yet have it in common that they always entertain their readers, that they have facility in making their characters seem alive and individual, and that for the main part they tell their stories by dialogue rather than by introspection or description. Every season for twenty years or more has had its new Locke and its new Lincoln with the regularity of a clock; the tales have been widely read in serial form, and when the novels appear as books they promptly become best-sellers.

Lincoln's "Big Mogul"[2] is an excellent specimen of his work. There are Cape Cod types ranging from the comic couple, Varunas and Nabby, the Big Mogul's "help," up to the self-respecting, sharp-tongued postmistress and the gruff old ex-sea captain (every Lincoln story must have an ex-sea captain) who is boss of the town, has a tender spot in his heart for his adopted niece, and comes out strong under adversity. The fun is as good and the talk is as racy and humorous as ever—in these respects Mr. Lincoln never fails us. It is

[2] The Big Mogul. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

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often said that his plots are naïve, and this is true here of the means by which he sets forth his situation, but the story strengthens decidedly toward the end and is brought to a delightful close.

Mr. Locke, too, holds his own in popularity, and deserves it. He is gay, facile, and his invention works easily. It is true that he does not reach the art and quality of the three romances by which he became famous—"The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," and "The Beloved Vagabond." But after a certain drop from that level he has maintained his skill admirably. In "Perella"[3] we have the background of Florence, and for a novelty the gentle heroine is a copyist of masterpieces. There is young love, middle-aged love, and elderly love, somewhat oddly assorted. Among a pitiful tangle the faithful-hearted Perella and her no less faithful elderly Professor demean themselves with honor and self-abnegation that endear them to each other and the reader. The story is thoroughly likable and enjoyable.

[3] Perella. By W. J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Art

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF PHILADELPHIA. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

This book contains reproductions of sixty-four lithographs by Mr. Pennell, with an introduction by Mrs. Pennell. It should be shown at any American exhibition which might be held in another country as the work of a great American artist who could still find beautiful subjects in the architecture of an American city. Two of the pictures are reproduced in this issue of The Outlook on pages 250 and 252.

History

LOYALISM IN VIRGINIA. Chapters in the Economic History of the Revolution. By Isaac Samuel Harrell. The Duke University Press, Durham, N. C. $2.50.

From the study of documentary material not before used Professor Harrell is enabled to throw new light on Virginia's part in the break with England. It is an economic interpretation he gives us, and though no attempt is made to minimize the influence of political and social theories in bringing on the war, his main concern is with the more material factors. Loyalism, he shows, was the normal state of mind among the Virginians up to the end of 1773, and was particularly strong among the landed gentry. The transition was sudden and complete. The widespread discussion of questions of government, the many constitutional disputes with the mother country, and the growth of the spirit of self-reliance had produced a temper that needed only a favorable economic environment for action. The British policy of restrictions on the opening of the western lands, the unfavorable trade balance and ruinous exchange rate, the enormous indebtedness of the planters to British merchants, the contraction of the currency and the drain of bullion to England, combined to wreck prosperity in Virginia and to clinch the argument for independence. How the Revolutionary Government dealt with the loyalists, what it did regarding their property and the debts due them, is told in considerable detail. The new material as to the long controversy over the debts and the confiscated realty is especially valuable. The book is a notable addition to the economic history of the Revolution.

Science

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES: A Nature Lover's Astronomy. By Florence Armstrong Grondal. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

Popular astronomy, with legends and myths. The book is elaborately illustrated, well supplied with diagrams, and is written in a romantic style.

Religion

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL (To-Day and To-Morrow Series). By James Waterman Wise. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

It would be strange if in Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.'s "To-Day and To-Morrow Series" of sometimes saucy, sometimes serious, but always stimulating little books there did not appear one on "The Future of Israel." James Waterman Wise, who writes it, is conservatively optimistic on the outlook for his race. He sees Palestine with a good Zionist start already made, and bound to develop into a great and prosperous Jewish nation which will be the focus of culture for the entire Jewish race. The larger portion of it will still continue to live among other peoples, and, overcoming the temptation to let their connection with a rebuilt Zion make them live in "spiritual Ghettos," separated from the Gentile life about as were the physical Ghettos of the past, will continue to give to the communities of which individual Jews form a part. Mr. Wise takes the vanishing of Jewish religion—meaning belief!—as already accomplished, a conclusion which many of his fellow-Jews probably would not admit. The prophecy is sanely written, if not without its mixture of fears, and deserves reading by all interested in a problem of which both Jews and non-Jews are conscious.

Biography

FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Mr. Guedalla can write well when he forgets for a minute or two his itch for perpetual cleverness. To him, as to Mr. Aldous Huxley and one or two other young Englishmen, some ill-advised critical godmothers cried, ecstatically: "Oh, my dear young man, how awfully, how supernaturally clever you are! Why, you make an epigram every time you make a sentence!" And this has been his curse.

Here he writes on the English, French, and American actors in the American Revolution—kings, statesmen, and generals. He is sincere and sympathetic toward George III; he is amusingly satirical toward some of the others. Hardly daring to be irreverent toward George Washington (any more than an American would be irreverent to Lord Nelson), he is as near dullness as he ever can be. That is the trouble with the brilliant satirists; take away from them their irony, and they have little left.

Children's Books

THE MOUSE BOOK. By Nellie M. Leonard. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

A book of stories about mice and other animals. It is nearly as long as the average novel and is amusingly illustrated in color and in black and white. Children would probably enjoy the stories, but it is not one of those rare juvenile books which is also readable to adults.

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By the Way

A PUBLIC official gets paid partly for his abilities and partly for amusement to the public.

People like to see an official abused just as they enjoy seeing a dog fight or caged animals poked at.

Of course if they have no dog to kick around what else can they do?

Little Boy (sightseeing in Washington): "Hey, pop, when are we goin' to see the red tape, huh, pop?"

Chewing-gum has other uses than keeping jaws wagging when they have nothing to say. Our Cos Cob correspondent notes that the discarded cuds of commuters have made the slippery ramps safe in the New York Grand Central Depot. These are thickly studded on the slanting brick and successfully prevent sliding by their adhesiveness to sole leather.

"Punch" suggests as the best way of financing the next war that the film rights should be sold in advance.

From the San Antonio "Express:"

And the headlights' fierce glare
On the roads everywhere
Gave proof through the night
That "the law" isn't there!

F. P. A. in the New York "World" quotes an illuminating bit from an advertising agency's circular:

"For those of our organization who require testimonials or special posing of moving picture players, operatic or theatrical stars, famous athletes, society people and other famous personalities, there is made available a new service called 'Famous Names, Inc.,' Chicago. (Branches in New York City and Hollywood, Cal.)

"The fee for the exclusive use of a star is between $150 and $2,500, depending upon the standing of the star and the length of time the exclusive use is desired. This fee includes the special posing and signed indorsements. The rights to use this service are sold on an exclusive basis, which means a definite protection to the advertiser against duplication in picture names and indorsements. The rights are directly assigned to the purchaser, signed by the star, and assignment is also made by Famous Names, Inc."

From a domestic article in a woman's magazine: "If, in spite of precautions, you should one day detect the acrid, penetrating odor of a chimney fire, pour five or ten pounds of table salt down the chimney and at the same time turn in an alarm of fire."

From the "Passing Show:"

New Office Boy: "I've added those figures up ten times, sir."

Employer: "Good boy!"

"And here's the ten answers, sir!"

Evidently New York City has no corner on milk scandals. An item in a North Carolina paper reads as follows:

"Mr. C. B. Moody, the dairyman, announces that he is now in position to supply his patrons with all the milk they want and that he can handle several more new customers, since he has just installed city water, and that the milk is purer than when he had to use branch water."

The "New Yorker" tells of a young and, *ipso facto*, witty member of 'Change and another member who had quite an opinion of himself. One day after a burst of self-importance from this latter gentleman, the other declares, "Say, Blank, if I could sell you short at what you think of yourself and buy you back at what I think of you, I'd make a lot of money."

From "Life:"

Beau Broadway: "What's all the excitement down the street?"

Beau Forty-second Street: "Some one just saw a farmer entering the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company."

An English hostess was very proud over the elevation of one of her family to the House of Lords. "This makes the second of our family in the Peers," she remarked to one of her callers. "Have you any relation in the House of Lords?" "No," was the calm reply, "but I have two maiden aunts in the Kingdom of Heaven."

A gentleman pushed the button to an apartment on the sixty-fourth floor, seeking a Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones," said the lady who opened the door, "has moved out of this neighborhood. I think you will probably find him on the thirtieth floor."

The following acrostic is taken from a newspaper clipping found in an old, old scrap-book. The initial capital letters spell "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ," and the words in italic, when read from top to bottom and from the bottom to the top, make the Lord's Prayer:

Make known the Gospel truth, *our* Father King;
Yield us thy grace, dear *Father,* from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing
Our life thou *art* for *ever,* God of love.
Assuage our griefs *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright Prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died!
Took all our shame, and *hallowed the* display,
In first *be*-ing man, *and* then being crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known
In Jesus' *name,* let all *the* world rejoice,
New labors in *thy* heavenly *Kingdom* own.
That blessed *Kingdom,* for thy saints *the* choice!
How vile to *come* to thee, *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *thy*-self, and all that's *thine!*
Graceless our *will* our lives *for* vanity,
Loathing thy truths, *be*-ing *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done, from* earth to Heaven.
Reclining *on* the Gospel, let *us* live,
In *earth,* from sins *deliver*-ed, and forgiven.
Oh, *as* thyself, *but* teach us to forgive.
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe;
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy.
Raised against *Heaven,* in *us* no hope can flow,
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way;
Shine on *us* with thy love, and give *us* peace;
Self and *this* sin, which rise *against* us, slay;
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease,
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread; forgive* us too
Recurrent lusts, *and we* adore thy name.
In thy *forgive*-ness, we *as* saints can die,
Since, for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

The rhyme from last week's sentence:

There was an old woman and SHE
Was as deaf as a P-O-S-T.

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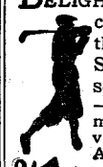

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